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Choice Poetry.

SONGS AND HYMNS OF LIFE.

NO. I

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveller through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs:
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet was new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame:
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watchfire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
Oh germ! oh fount! oh word of love!
Oh thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first
But mighty at the last!

London Illustrated News.

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;

OR,

THE FOSTER SISTERS.

A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

TWO NIGHT SCENES ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The wild wind swept the mountain side,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
Where, 'mid the darkest hours of night,
A mother wandered with her child!

"Father in Heaven, I humbly thank Thee! I praise Thee! I bless Thee! Thou hast heard my prayer! Even mine, unworthy as I am! Thou hast heard my prayer! Thou has 'strengthened the weak hands, confirmed the feeble knees,' sustained me through many day's wanderings, and brought me—*almost home!* I have not fainted through hunger, cold, or fatigue, though much, very much I have endured!—nor have I lost my way through the drifted snow, though almost every landmark is buried! There, I know, are Prospect Plains. Yonder, against the horizon, rises Prospect Hill; upon it stands Prospect Hall, with its white chimneys gleaming, ghostlike, against the leaden sky; beyond that hill, in the hollow, lies my father's house, not a quarter of a mile from the Mansion-House, already in sight; my father's house, my mother's home, my birth-place—dear old Blackthorns! Will my father forgive me? Ah, yes!—stern and harsh with the guilty—aye, even with the penitent—he is yet just with the innocent, and tender with the suffering. When he knows all that I am at length permitted to tell him—when he knows that he—whom he so deeply hated, against whom he swore so terrible a vengeance—was not the selfish, arrogant, and triumphing criminal that he deemed him; when he knows that *I*—whom he so bitterly cursed—am not the lost and ruined girl he believes me; when he knows that this baby I bear in my arms, is not the child of sin and shame he thinks it; when he knows that my greatest sin was a sin of disobedience—then! then! he will forgive, receive and love me! Yes! yes! even though I did not return to him on my sixteenth birth-night, widowed, beggared, heart-broken! I, his only child—his lost child! And *my mother!* Will she not forgive me? Ah, yes! my dear mother, my blessed mother!—*she* forgave me the hour in which I left her—no change has come over *her* heart—she loves me still—she will receive me gladly, and when sinking at her feet, I lay my baby in her gentle arms, she will gather it to her bosom with one arm, and raise and embrace me with the other! Ah, I know it! I feel it! I do not feel the cold so bitterly now. The sight of Prospect Hall—the knowledge it gives me that I am almost home, takes away the agonizing sense of piercing cold, and puts fresh warmth into my limbs—and you, my little baby!—*you* have not felt the cold yet—so warm you are, in your little nest, between my shawl and bosom. Little one! I have a mother, too! who loves me as tenderly as I love you, and soon she will warm me, as I am warming you. I grow weary—almost sleepy!—how is this?—and almost in sight of home, too!—rouse, weary heart and brain! bear up, feeble limbs! the goal is near!"

Such was the mental soliloquy of Margaret Hawk, as, folding her infant closer within her shawl, she toiled through the deep snow covering the waste plains of that part of —— County which borders upon Chesapeake Bay.

What a night it threatened to be! What a scene it *was!* Overhead lowered a dark, portentous sky, by whose cold, steel-like light, could be dimly seen field beyond field of snow, verging off in the distance, until their boundaries were lost in the murky gloom of the heavily clouded horizon.

Straight across the ice-fields before her, and against the distant horizon, arose that dark, uncertain mass, crowned by a faintly gleaming white object, which a stranger could not have distinguished from a darker cloud, tipped with a dim light, but which *she* had called Prospect Hill and Hall.

Nearer, here and there, slightly varying the blank monotony of the plains, stood groups of naked forest trees, there skeleton limbs and branches traced sharp and black against the gleaming snow. Here and there also, was a dark line, that marked the border of some piece of woods.

Dotted sparsely about, at wide distances, were little collections of dense shadows, that marked the site of some rural homestead, and from one of these sometimes suddenly darted a gleam of red light, made, perhaps, by an opened door and a warm bright fire within—and sometimes the enlivening sound of a fiddle, that gayly spoke of rural festivity and frolic, for this was New Year's Eve Night, and from many a warm and comfortable home came out the festive sounds, glanced out the festive lights athwart the frozen snow and into the fierce and howling night.

Did she, the wanderer, think of, or envy, the happy New Year revellers? Ah, no! far other thoughts and feelings filled her heart and brain, and if for a moment she turned her eyes to the suddenly darting and quickly withdrawn lights, it was but to use their fitful streaks to guide her on her way to a far dearer light.

She was now toiling up the gradually ascending rise of the plains as they swept on from Chesapeake Bay towards Prospect Hill, and straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of that "dearer light," that distant "light of home," which yet for many hours, she cannot see—will she ever see it?

Many, many weary days of this wintry weather had she wandered, with her infant in her arms, and now, at last, upon this New Year's Eve Night, her birth-night, she was "almost home."

But oh! it was a scene so waste and weird! so desolate! a night so dark and piercingly frosty, when, through the fierce, black cold, toiled on this young, slight, thinly clad girl, sheltering her infant in the folds of her only shawl.

She was suffering excruciating pangs—pangs which only those long exposed to severe cold can know, not only the fierce smarting, aching and *burning* of her limbs—for the sense of intense cold is like that of fire—but worse than all, that intolerable anguish in the chest, when, finally, in the expressive language of the poor—"*the cold strikes to the heart!*" She was suffering all this, but had aroused all her energies to bear it.

She toiled on and on, slowly, with extreme difficulty, but still on and on.

Already she was ascending Prospect Hill—and lights from the windows of Prospect Hall glanced down the hill. Oh! for strength to get over this hill and reach the hollow on the other side! there was home!

She toiled on and on—but now the agony of the cold was giving place to a feeling of extreme weariness, of extreme drowsiness, even of heart as well as brain—and now came the strong temptation to stop and rest—if she could stop and rest a little while—*then* she would be so much recruited as to be able to reach home all the sooner!—and—climbing this hill, was so much more wearisome than any other part of her wearisome journey had been. She looked around for a resting place.

A bare rock, bared by the drifting of the snow, offered the only seat. She sat down upon it, and no sooner had she sunk to a resting posture than that feeling of irresistible sleepiness—sleepiness affecting heart as well as brain, as I said, came with power upon her, and her eyes were about to close, when something, it might have been the hand of her infant groping for her bosom, or the finger of her guardian angel, touched her, and she suddenly remembered that this feeling of extreme drowsiness following the pangs of severe cold, if indulged in, becomes the precursor of a sleep ending in death. Once more her spirit rising in its strength brought up all her sinking physical energies to their posts, and she arose and stood up—her limbs felt twice their natural weight, and it was with extreme difficulty she could raise one heavy foot after the other—her arms also appeared no longer to fold her babe by their own muscular power, but seemed to be locked around it and frozen there, there was no feeling in them.

She toiled on—it was almost a miracle, but she reached the top of the hill—she passed Prospect Hall a quarter of a mile on the right—as she passed it she saw, without observing, lights glancing rapidly across the windows, and from window to window, and from one floor to another, as though some event of unwonted bustle, hurry and importance, was taking place. She passed the lighted hall, without a second glance—she did not care for that, though there lived the gentleman planter, of whose great estate her father was manager or overseer, the distinguished Joseph Washington, Chief Justice of the Circuit Court—she passed the manor-house without a second glance, for *then*—low gleaming in the shadowy hollow burned the star of her hope, at the sight of which her dim eyes brightened, for it shone from her mother's own room. It seemed nearer than it was—it was a quarter of a mile off yet, but what was that to her who had travelled so many miles already. She braced for the last time her fast failing frame and labored on.

Now a flake of snow fell and froze upon her colder brow—she looked up—several hours of night travel had given her an owl-like vision in the dark, and she saw that the black and heavy sky was lowered very near the earth, at the same time that the rising wind foretold a tremendous tempest. She toiled on a little faster. She has reached the foot of the hill—she has crossed the hollow—she is at the outer gate of her father's yard! pursued by the wintry storm, for the wind has suddenly risen to a fearful height, and the snow and hail is whirling fast and furiously around her, hiding from her eyes the blessed, guiding star, the "light of home."

She felt the gate by struggling up against it—she wished to open it, but her arms were fast locked by the cold, and she could not move them. She pressed her body against it, pushed it partly open, and slipped through. She was in her father's yard! By fitful gleams now she could see the light—she pressed on towards it.

But now!—what now? have extreme cold, hunger and fatigue completely exhausted her strength? Shall she sink now? She staggers—wishes to throw her hands up to her head, but they are frozen stiff—she sinks slowly in the snow—her senses are dulled—her brain grows extremely heavy—her head falls, and she looses all consciousness in a deep sleep—while the hail and snow whirl thickly over her.

And the child—is it awakened by *this?* Wrapped up warmly in the shawl, and secured in its little nest, formed by the frozen arms and bosom accustomed to motion, it slept on soundly, only slightly moving as its mother sank down in the snow, and with a gentle infant sigh dropping into perfect rest, as she grew still. Only for an instant, however, did vigilant nature permit her to lie in this death sleep. Even in the sudden and deep sleep—in the profound and utter unconsciousness of mind and insensibility of body—when the chilled blood had left the frozen extremities, and was slowly, slowly stagnating in the heart—*then* that insufferable agony which attends a life and death struggle commencing in the heart—that intolerable oppression of the lungs—that sense of suffocation—that feeling of present death—that instinct of life—suddenly shocked her from the death-sleep and set her wide awake, and shaking violently with extreme terror! Death was on her! There was no mistaking its presence! She recognized and acknowledged it! Fast as a powerful effort of will, a desperate struggle for life sent apart the blood that stagnated at her heart, it rolled back again and stopped. Death was on her! Oh! for strength to reach that door-step not far off—to die at home, to die in a bed—with her mother's arms under her head, with her mother's face looking down upon hers—with her baby warmed and fed and sleeping in a cradle—then would death be not so terrible. A desperate, a spasmodic effort, and the stagnated blood once more circled freely through her heart and lungs, leaving them to free action—and she struggled to her feet and staggered on—through the driving sleet, toward the lighted window.

She gains the door-step—she cannot unlock her arms, but she will push against it—she does so, but the push has no force, and makes no noise—the window by its side is alight—she will go there and look in and see them, and ghost-like, stand until they see her. She staggers towards the window.

It is an old fashioned casement window with iron sashes, and diamond-shaped panes, and it opens on hinges, and reaches almost down to the ground. There was never any shutter or curtain to that window—vines grew over it, but they are now of course dry. It was her favorite seat, Summer and Winter, when she lived at home. She used to sit there and sew and watch the flowers blooming—and listen to the bees that hummed in the hive at the end of the house in Summer, and in Winter watch the snow-birds, happy, hardy little things, hopping about—and at all seasons amuse herself with the great goings-on before the great house on the hill, plainly visible from this window. Now she struggled towards her favorite window. She leaned against the frame-work, while the snow and hail whirled round her. She looked in—saw the blazing fire, the strong light and deep shadows of the large room; she saw her mother—and then—darkness swam in upon her brain—and she sank; this time the babe waked up, moaned, groped with its little hand for her bosom, found it, and comforted, sank to sleep again. *She* had sunk down in full view of the room within—separated only by the glass from those for the sake of meeting whom she would have lived a thousand years in purgatory—dying—but with no strength of limbs to go to them, or of voice to make them hear her. When the darkness that had temporarily overswept her vision, passed away, and she turned her dying eyes within—there, right opposite, blazed the great fire on the broad hearth—there, on the right hand, sat her mother in a large chair, with a basket of stockings by her side, and one drawn on her hand, which she was darning; and on the left sat her father, with his spectacles on his nose—a stand by his side, with a large Bible and a candle upon it. He had, perhaps, just closed the blessed book, or was just about to open it. How familiar everything looked—how dear everything was; the two dogs basking before the fire. Yes! even the great black iron andirons with the lion's heads, and the large brass brackets on the tall mantle-piece; she saw them, and then her dying gaze was fixed upon her mother's face. That suffering face had faded and grown aged since she saw it last. Ah! did she not know why! Oh! but to be reconciled to that mother again! She strained her failing eyes to gaze longer on that dear face; there were tears in the gentle eyes—ah! did she not know for whom they were shed? And then she endured a sharper pang than the pains of death, and such a death! at the thought of what her mother would suffer, when her corpse should be found there in the morning. She should die without telling them all they ought to know—would then her father forgive his dead child—and permit her mother without rebuke to mourn her? She turned with difficulty her eyes upon her father's face. It was set and stern, and harsher than ever. As she looked, he fixed his eyes upon her mother, and spoke angrily—she saw by the expression of his countenance, and by the tears that rolled down her poor mother's face—she felt that they were remembering and talking about her. Was not this her sixteenth birth-night—the night upon which her mother had promised, years ago, that she should have a white cambric dress, and a party—if she should live to see it? Well! she *had* lived to see it—and assuredly to-morrow she would have the white dress and the party; but the dress would be a shroud, and the party would gather around her coffin. Clouds came over her eyes, intercepting the sight of her mother; clouds came over her soul, hiding the face of her Heavenly Father. Again the blood tided to her heart, and stagnated there; again came the insufferable oppression of the lungs—the intolerable agony of suffocation—the last struggle of life and death; and in the extremity of terror and insanity, her soul cried out—"I die! I die! I leave my ruined and fallen dwelling place! to go *where?* Just God! I dare not mock Thy throne with a dying prayer for pardon, now! nor think that the sins of a life may be blown a way by the expiring breath gasping one word, 'Pardon.' But, oh! Merciful Father! remit my doom! remand my soul back to earth for another probation, in another life—of suffering, of expiation—only another life! a life in which I can watch over this child with her heritage of orphanage and suffering—a life of redemption." So raved the dying girl. A moment more and the agonized heart was at rest.

In the meantime, the storm increased in fury; the snow and hail whirled rapidly around her, threatening to bury her in a drift.

Now, reader, we will enter the farm house.

Now sylvan occupation's done
And o'er the chimney rests the gun
And hang in idle trophy near
The game-pouch, fishing-rod and spear;
Now every terrier rough and grim,
And grey-hound with his length of limb
And pointer now employed no more
Cumber the kitchen's oaken floor;
Now in his stall the impatient steed
Is long condemned to rest and feed;
And from the snow encircled home
Scarce dares the hardiest step to roam;
Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring.

Heap on more wood! The wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep our New Year merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer.—*Scott.*

"Awful Heaven! what a night! How the storm hurtles against the windows! There'll be four feet of snow frozen on the ground to-morrow. Such a stormy exit of the old year and advent of the new, I never saw—*but once before*—and I am sixty years old," said Adam Hawk, plunging a heavy poker between the great smouldering logs, and making them blaze and roar like the report of an explosion, and sinking back in his old oak-chair with a heavy groan—which was answered by a deep sigh from his wife, as she said,

"God help Mary Washington, if she be brought to bed on such a night as this, for neither doctor nor midwife can approach her."

"As to that, the granny has been staying in the house for the last week. I brought her over myself from Hardbargain."

"There was where you went with the ox-team last Saturday—and never told me about it!"

"Am *I* a gossip? Yes! there was where I went! The young fool got scared as her time came near, and none but the judge and the niggers about the house, and so the judge told me to gear up and go and fetch Mrs. Comfort."

"Poor Mary—poor motherless girl—no wonder! What trials have been hers! and how sweetly she has borne them! her mother dying when she was but a few weeks old—her brother waylaid and murdered the day after her wedding—her father struck with apoplexy on receiving the news—the loss of the property—but that was a trifle; and then the sudden death of her husband, in the second month of their marriage; and all happening in less than ten months! Poor Mary! poor, darling child! no wonder she is nervous! Why didn't you tell me, Adam? I, who am like her second mother in an humble way, for I raised her. I ought to have gone and staid with her to comfort her! And I would this blessed night, if it wasn't so dark and stormy. Why didn't you tell me while it was so I could go, Adam?"

"Just because I knew if I told you anything about it, you *would* go—and I didn't want you to go! that's all about it."

"Oh! Adam! and she such a sweet child to us—just like our own child, much as she is above us—such a blessing to me always—such a comfort to me in my sorrow. Oh, Adam!"

"I tell you, then, you were not *fit* to go to her! with that fitified thumping of the heart and stopping of the heart, that runs in your family, and that you have had so bad ever since—since—d— it! God forgive me—that has followed you for the last year."

"Yes, Adam, yes! but I think I should have died with it, if it had not been for my sweet child Mary. Think of that time when you hurried half crazy off to town to search for our poor—"

"WOMAN!"

"Well, then, when you hurried off and left me here—not knowing how ill I really was with grief—when I couldn't move but that the palpitation of the heart would nearly kill—couldn't drop into a doze, but that the stopping of the heart would almost suffocate me; think then of dear Mary—fresh from the death-bed of her husband—in the new grief of her young widowhood; leaving the mansion-house and coming down here to sleep with me—or rather, to lie in the bed with me—to be close to me with her arm thrown over my side, so lightly, so softly, to note the beatings of my heart while I went to sleep; and to rub my side if she felt it beating slowly—and staying with me all day to guard me from all sudden noises and shocks that should start my heart to palpitating again. Think of her continuing that until her own delicate situation gradually confined her to the mansion-house."

"And now then, that was no more than her duty to do. Were not you a mother to her in her helpless infancy? Wouldn't she have died if you hadn't divided your own child's milk with her? Tell me that!"

"Yes, yes—so she would, for she was a very delicate baby—but then that was so natural, a heathen would have done that for a poor little orphan babe—too delicate to be raised by hand!"

"No a heathen wouldn't, either—no, nor a christian either, upon the terms that you did—refusing to take a dollar, poor as you were!"

"Oh, Adam! as if I could have sold my breast milk and my tenderness to a poor little babe! an orphan babe, and I a mother, with a mother's feelings. No, Adam, I was a healthy woman then, and could very well nurse two babies—and we were not in need. But if it had been otherwise, and I had been the poorest houseless wanderer in the world, and any one had asked me to nurse a baby, and offered me wages, I should have said, 'No—give me house room, necessary food and raiment, and I will be strengthened to nurse your baby—but no money for *that*—give me sewing to do meanwhile, and pay me for *that* if you like.' No sale of nature's tenderness, that is my feeling."

"And a very foolish feeling it is! People sell everything—stock in trade, labor—that is nothing—but, their affections, their intellect, honesty, health, truth—soul and body they sell for money, and call it 'business,'—so you see yours is a very stupid feeling."

"Well, it's *my* stupid feeling, and it keeps me warm and comforts me, which is best of all."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"'Whoso receiveth one of these little ones in My name, receiveth Me.'"

"Hold your tongue, Peg! you—hush!"

"Do good and lend—hoping for nothing in return."

"Will you stop?—s'pose all the world were to do that? Pretty prey the simple would be to the subtle!"

"If *all* the world were to do that, then there would be no 'simple' dupes, and no 'subtle' cheats, but all would be wise and good, and the kingdom of God would come. In the meantime, let all that have it in them to do good, do it for the *sake* of good, hoping for nothing in return, and they will lose nothing, even in this world—'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall be found.'"

"Peg, *hush!* I hate to hear women preach—they don't understand the Scriptures. St. Paul says that women should be silent, or inquire of their husbands.'"

"Well, then—but you have not quoted right, I think—I think women were to be silent in the church, or in the congregation. No matter, I only wanted to *remind* my husband—for I like to prove a Scripture promise fulfilled—that our bread cast upon the waters has been *found.* When I took little Mary Virginia—though I did not take her for the sake of good, but only because I somehow couldn't help it—Heaven keep me from the deceit of taking credit I do not merit—when I took little Mary Virginia for love and mercy, and not for money—the Lord knows that I never thought it would turn out as it has! But see! what a heart's comfort she is to me—while her father loaded you with benefits, recommending you to Judge Washington as a proper man to manage his estate. And when the Judge moved into the new mansion house, upon the marriage of his son with Mary—then, for the love he bore his daughter-in-law, our foster child, he gave you this fine old farm-house to live in, with nearly all the furniture, just as he himself had occupied it for all his life. Ah! that should be a lesson on faith for our whole lives, Adam! That should teach you that my going to comfort my sweet child in her trial, will never hurt me! And, oh! if it did, it is still my duty to go. It is a duty I owe her. She has done so much for me!—more than any other young lady in the world would do for anybody except her own mother."

"You have done enough for her, as I said before."

"I have done nothing but what we have been abundantly compensated for, and nothing but what any heathen under the same circumstances would do—let alone a Christian."

"And I repeat to you that you are a fool! Christian!—yes, many that pass for good Christians, aye! and that are good Christians, would not undertake what you did! Mary herself, good as she is, would not do it! Come! there! now! are you silenced?"

"No—for Mary would do it!"

"What?"

"I say Mary would do as I did."

"Yes, perhaps, if she had been in your sphere of humble life, she might have taken some lady's child to nurse, without pay, for you have brought her up to be just such a fool as you are yourself—but I am not talking of what might have been, I am talking of what *is*; and I say that Mrs. Mary Virginia Washington—the young lady of Prospect Hall—would not now take an orphan baby that might be cast helpless on her mercy to nurse with her own, at her own breast—to save its life! good Christian as she is!"

"Mary would! if there was no one else to do it, Mary would!"

"Folly!"

"Mary would."

At this moment a terrible blast of wind, driving on an avalanche of snow and hail against the side of the house, shook the firm building to its foundation.

"Awful Lord! what a night! It was just such a night, sixteen years ago, that my Maggy was born!"

"WOMAN! that name!"

"Well! yes! I can't help it! I can't! My heart is broken this night! God! what a blast was that! Surely the window sashes will be blown out! Yes, yes—sixteen years ago—how forcibly this night and storm brings back this night sixteen years ago! When my poor baby was born! Ah! she is a baby still! Poor little one! Did not the biting cold and the hurtling snow-storm then, betoken all the wretchedness that has come upon her? They say that the earlier a child is born in the year, the more fortunate will be its destiny; and the later in the year, the more adverse will be its fate! My poor only one was born at eleven o'clock, old year night.

The tears were running down the poor mother's face, and the stern father himself seemed struggling with some strong emotion—the muscles of his iron face worked—he clutched at his grizzled hair, and then burst out in fury, exclaiming—

"No more of her! God! you will drive me mad! No more of her, I say! I wish I *knew* that she was dead! I would that she were stretched out here, stiff and stark at my feet! Oh! that I could find her! I would shut her up a day to prepare her soul to meet its Maker, and at night I would take the life I gave her! I would put her to death! Even as Abraham would have offered up his spotless son—even as Jeptha sacrificed his virgin daughter—so I would immolate my fallen child! would purify her as by fire!"

A low growl and mutter came from some obscure corner of the large and dusky room, and the words in a gutteral tone—

"You'd burn her up, would you, you sanctified old sinner! and swing for it in this world, and be sent to h— in the other—which, may the Lord grant! Amen."

But these words, in the howling and shrieking of the storm, attracted no attention. Another blast of wind, more furious than the first, shook the house, until the substantial building seemed to sway to and fro like a slight sapling.

"Ah! Merciful Father! then what a storm it is! How much damage will be done, the Lord only knows! Heaven be with poor Mary, and grant that if she is brought to bed to-night, it may be after midnight!"

"I wonder what keeps that folly running into your head! Why should it happen to-night, anyhow? of all nights in the week—and then that cursed folly about the old year and the new year, and happiness and misery depending upon the difference between them! And if there were anything in that pagan superstition—why, who is Mary Washington, that a patent for a happy life is to be taken out for *her* child, any more than anybody else's? Stuff! what puts such things in your head?"

"Ah! I don't know! but I'm sorely troubled to-night! This horrible storm! It shatters my heart so! It brings again the night when my Maggy—"

"DEATH! if you do but *hear* her name again, I shall launch such a malediction upon her head, that you shall die to hear it!"

"Ah! do not be so obdurate—consider—"

"If I could but find her I would smother her! Oh! the shameless creature! dressed up in rouge and satin and jewels, now revelling off the old year among companions only less degraded than herself! Do you think that if I knew her place of abode, I would not enter it and strangle her before her fellows? Satan's fiends! but my fingers strengthen and contract at the bare thought!"

"Oh! do not talk so! You are mistaken! she is not *that!* She never could be *that!* Our child—Mary Virginia's foster sister could not be *that.* Mary, too, wept when she was lost; but Mary believes her pure; Mary prays with me for her recovery. And even if she were betrayed, guilty, lost—Mary would love her and pray for her still—so the sinless feels for the sinful. The spotless Son of God was merciful! Only sinners wish to take vengeance on sinners. Do not you be one of them. The good ever pity and wish to recover and redeem the erring—do you be like *them.* My dear baby! My little one! My Maggy! Her sin at the very worst was only too much! too blind love! God will redeem her! God will hear my prayers, and—Mary's—God will pity us! God will redeem her and bring her back to me! my little one! my Maggy!"

"HUSH! HUSH!" almost howled the father, starting up and clutching the iron-gray hair on his temples with both hands. Just at this moment, in the pausing of the wind, was heard a violent knocking at the door.

The overseer strided to it—pulled—jerked it open, letting in an avalanche of snow; and behind and through it, a great big negro man, closely wrapped in a coat with manifold capes, and a fox-skin cap coming down over his ears.

The first thing done was to close the door against the driving wind and sleet, by the united efforts of Adam Hawk and the negro, and then the latter spoke in a hurried voice to the overseer, who answered,

"Yes! hasten back and tell the judge I will be there instantly," and re-opening the door cautiously a little way, he let the man out again into the tempest, and closing it behind him, returned to the fireside, saying,

"It is as you feared, Peggy—Mary Washington is ill! The Judge has sent to me to come to the house immediately."

"Something told me so! Something really told me so! Oh! Heaven be with Mary!"

"Come! stir about! Get me my great coat and mufflers!"

"Yes! but I'm going myself!"

"You! You're mad! You'd perish in the storm before you got a dozen yards from the house."

"Oh! I *must* go! I should die to stay here and know that Mary was suffering, when I could not aid or comfort her."

"Then you'd die any way, and it's better to die in the house than in the storm—so you'll stay where you are."

"I cannot! *Indeed* I cannot! I must go to Mary!"

Adam Hawk turned round, and fronting her, said,

"Peggy! now you understand that you are *not* to go! So, therefore, do not take up my time in needless talk; but help me on with my coat."

She said no more, fearing indeed to delay him, but helped him to equip himself for the tramp through the tempest. She lighted the lantern for him, let him out, shut the door behind him, and then began to prepare herself to brave the storm also—for her mind was set to go to Prospect Hall that night to attend her foster child. She put on a pair of thick shoes, and drew over them a pair of her husband's long, thick, yarn stockings. She put on a hood, tying a thick veil over it to muffle her face; lastly, wrapping a heavy cloak around her form, she opened the door to set out for Prospect Hall. She had no lantern, and as she groped her way out, buffetted about by the furious tempest, she stumbled and fell over something, at the same time that a child's feeble wail and warm breath passed her face. She struggled upon her knees, and astonished to the last degree, sought to raise the object over which she had fallen. It was altogether not a very heavy burthen—she lifted it, and then—! a wild cry of mingled joy, anguish, and despair burst from her lips above the howling of the storm. This cry speedily brought out from the house an old deformed creature, who, stumbling and blundering through the tempest, pitched at her side.

"What now! What now!" growled this object.

"Oh, God! it is—it is—it is Maggy! Help me to save her."

The dwarf, who possessed great strength, lifted the body and bore it in the house, followed by the half crazy woman. He laid the body on a settle, and ran to bring a bed from an upper chamber, and cast it down on the floor before the fire, while the delirious mother was frantically rubbing her temples, rubbing her hands, and trying to extricate the living baby from the frozen arms of the body.

She at last succeeded in extricating the half-dead babe from the locked arms, and, taking some pillows from the laden dwarf, laid it down on a hastily prepared pallet on the settee. Then calling the dwarf to assist her in raising the body, she carried it into her own bedroom, where a warm fire was burning. This was the adjoining room, and here she gave her whole attention to desperate efforts at re-animating the frozen limbs. Thankful for even male help at her extreme need, she allowed the dwarf to assist her in divesting the stiff and swelled arms of the sleeves partly frozen to them, and then to draw off the stiffly-frozen dress, and lay the cold form in a large warm blanket. During all this time, she would cast anxious glances of speechless agony at the dwarf, as if to seek comfort from his apparently better experience; and for some time the latter would shake his head sorrowfully, but persevere in his efforts at resuscitation. At last his dull eyes brightened, and touching her, he said,

"Not dead!"

"Thank God!" "Oh! thank God!" said the mother's raised eyes and clasped hands, but not a word was spoken in reply.

"May die, though!" said the dwarf.

But the mother's hopes were raised, and she toiled on vigorously, still zealously seconded by the dwarf. At last, when there was a slightly perceptible warmth under the arms and about the region of the heart, the dwarf got up and said,

"I'm going to the child!" and waddled into the other room.

She looked after him with a countenance expressive of her gratitude; said nothing, though, but kept on with her efforts of recovery. At last the white breast slightly convulsed—the white throat throbbed—both grew still—then the blue lips and eyelids quivered—a deep sigh, and the large, wondering eyes were wide open, and gazing into her mother's face.

"Maggy, my darling, it is I—don't you know me?"

The large, dark eyes—so very large and dark, in contrast with the wan face—were still fixed wonderingly in her mother's face.

"It is *mother*, Maggy—don't you know *her?*"

The blue lips moved, though the gaze was not withdrawn. Her mother bent down to catch, perhaps, her faintly murmured words.

"*Dead, too!*"

"Who's dead, Maggy, my dear? Nobody's dead!"

The blue lips faintly smiled, and she tried to raise the still stiffened arms—failed to do so—and then faintly smiled as if at her failure, and during all this while, her feeding gaze was not for an instant withdrawn from her mother's face, that seemed a feast to their long-starved vision, and all this while her mother still rubbed and bathed and pressed her frosted arms. At last her gaze turned anxiously around, and her lips moved. Her mother stooped down to catch her faint words—

"My baby!"

Peggy had forgotten the strange little one in her anxiety, but now she went to the door, and opening it, slightly spoke to the dwarf, who immediately came in with the child, warmly wrapped up, in one hand, and the mug of warm pap in the other. The child was too young to smile yet, but it looked quite alive to the comforts of warmth, food and tender nursing. Mrs. Hawk took the baby in her arms, and carried it to the side of the bed. Maggy smiled, and seemed satisfied, and her mother returned the babe to the charge of its rough though tender nurse, who took it from the room, and soon after returned, bearing a glass of warm cordial, which he brought to the bed, saying,

"She must drink this."

Peggy put it to her daughter's lips, and she drank it slowly, and was revived.

"Mother," she said, in a low, distinct voice.

"Mustn't talk!" said the dwarf.

"Don't talk, Maggy, darling; wait a minute till you are stronger."

"Mother!" persisted the dying girl, but in lower, fainter tones.

Peggy bent down to her face.

"Mother, I was in Heaven just now. I thought you were there when I saw you. Mother, God has forgiven me. You have forgiven me—ask father also to forgive me!"

"My darling child, my Maggie, he must—he will—and Mary Virginia loves you still—she will come to see you."

"Mother," she murmured, in a still lower voice, "sit on the side of my bed, and raise me in your arms—I feel like I was your little child still—so helpless I am! There! that is nice—let me now lay my head on your bosom—put my two stiff hands together in my lap, mother, and hold them between your own—there, now, mother, listen to me, for I have something to tell you."

"She mustn't talk!" repeated the dwarf, emphatically, as he sat at the foot of the bed, nursing the baby.

"Maggie! dear Maggie, don't talk! I know what you want to say—I believe it, Maggie, beforehand! I always did—so did Mary!"

"Bless dearest Mary!"

"SHE MUSTN'T TALK! SHE MUSTN'T TALK!" desperately exclaimed the dwarf, wringing his hands.

"Hush! hush!" my darling Maggie!"

"Let me—once more—where is father? I saw him through the window before I fell!"

"He is gone to the mansion house."

"Ah! what there? I saw, in passing—"

She paused—her countenance changed—then reviving an instant, she said, suddenly,

"Mary Virginia is near her confinement!"

"Yes, darling, yes!"

A divine light radiated her countenance an instant; she exclaimed,

"My prayer is heard!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the dwarf, wringing his hands violently.

The gray of death crept over her countenance—the blood flowed to her heart for the last time, and stilled then forever—one moment of suffocating agony, and all was over!

"Oh, Maggie! I shall not be long behind you!" said the bereaved mother, in a tone of strange calmness. It was the apathy of complete despair.

"We might have saved her!" groaned the deformed, as though communing with himself rather than addressing the mother.

"No, no!—we could not! Not hunger, cold, toil or sorrow killed her—though these helped! It was disease of the heart!—brought on by these. It is that which will take me soon after her," she said, in the same quiet tone.

"We might have got over these rapids! We might have kept her on a little longer!"

"I am content! I am content!" said Peggy.

"Ah! it is sadder to hear you say that, than it would be to see you sad and weep!"

"Oh! if you knew! if you knew! what I have felt for her this last year, you would feel how much better it is to see her here, and to know that not many hours hence I shall lie by her side! Yes! I know it! it is only by an effort that I now keep my death at bay! it will advance upon me soon and take me to her."

Then she gently laid the head of the dead girl down, settled her limbs, covered her, and kneeling by the side of the bed, raised her soul in prayer to God. Meanwhile the dwarf laid down the sleeping infant, replenished the fire, and stole quietly away from the house for assistance.

Half an hour after this a heavy tramp was heard without, the door was pushed open, the sound of stamping feet stamping off the snow in the next room, and then the overseer's gruff, harsh tones, calling out,

"Peggy! Peggy, I say! why have you suffered this fire in the keeping-room to go down? Where are you now?"

Peggy opened the door and came out.

"Well! you had laid down, I suppose," he continued, still shaking off the snow; "that's right! I don't find fault with that, only you might have made Bruin put on a couple of heavy logs to keep the fire hot for me—coming in out of the cold. Thank God the storm is over, and it has cleared off. Come, help me off with my great-coat. Well! the child is born! It is a girl—and as you were anxious upon the point, I made inquiry as to the precise hour and moment of its birth—and am happy to tell you, that the family, by some strange oversight, are in a glorious state of uncertainty as to whether the babe was born this year or last—the nurse swearing that it was one minute before twelve, and the doctor affirming that it was two minutes after—so that it is a point of doubt, whether the child was born in the last death-throes of the old year, and is therefore to be unutterably miserable—or whether it came into the world twin-born with the New Year, and is therefore to be extremely happy," concluded Adam Hawk, in a tone of coarse irony, without seeing the fixed despair of his wife's look. "Well! why do you not answer me? You haven't said a word yet, to this hair-breath point of dispute; did you hear me say that the babe was safely brought forth between one minute to twelve and two minutes after?"

"Yes! That was the time our Maggy died. Come here, Adam!"

He did not appear to hear her first words, but something in her manner constrained him to go where she led him, into the bed-room.

There lay the dead girl; her features in the beautiful composure of sleep, and the expression that of innocent childhood. The bed and its coverings were all of white, and upon it she lay extended; the white counter-pane drawn up smoothly over her form as far as her chest. Her face was exposed, and its marble-whiteness formed a ghastly contrast to the arched eye-brows, long eye-lashes resting on the snowy cheek, and the long locks of hair laid down each side, all of jet black.

He approached the body with a dark and threatening scowl upon his countenance—it softened and cleared as he gazed long and wistfully—then grew suddenly anxious—he stooped and raised the body. The long, silky black hair fell sweeping away from the pallid brow. He anxiously, nervously placed his hand upon her temples, upon her heart—and muttered low, in gentle tones.

"Maggy—Maggy, my child! my dear child! Wake! this is *not death!* It is a swoon! Let me lay her down, again! My God, Peggy, why don't you move?"

He was all this time rubbing her hands, feeling her wrist for the pulse—running his hand in her bosom to feel for the beating of her heart; himself trembling all the while. The sternness of the would-be uncompromising judge had completely given place to the tenderness and anxiety of the father.

"Water, Peggy! Vinegar! hartshorn! Good God! woman, why do you stand there like a statue?"

"Adam! she is dead!"

"Dead! and you tell me so, so calmly? dead! It is *not* so!"

"Adam, she is."

"Dead! you stand there saying she is dead! You do not love her as I do! dead! Oh, God! oh, God! It is *not* so! My Maggie! my Maggie!" he exclaimed, frantically rubbing her hands. His wife went to him and put both her arms around him, and said,

"Adam, dear, leave the dead in quiet! It is irreligious to disturb her sacred corpse so—leave her body, Adam—come away! her spirit is with God!"

"I cannot! I cannot! You never loved her as I love her, or you would not think I could! You would not be so quiet! Oh! my Maggie, dead! dead with my harsh words in your memory—dead without receiving my forgiveness!"

"Adam, do not grieve so bitterly! Remember if she did not receive your pardon, neither did she ever hear your curse!"

"Curse! I never cursed her! Curse my Maggie! Oh! if I had I should have been mad! If ever I came nigh to do it—afterward I always silently prayed to God not to mind what I said in my wrath! but to bless her—to bless her! Oh! dead! without knowing how tenderly I loved her still!"

"Adam, she spoke of you with affection in her dying hour. She told me to ask you in her name for pardon. She died in my arms—she died in blessed peace."

But still Adam Hawk tore his gray hair and refused to be comforted; and still Peggy maintained her composure, reproached all the time by her husband with not loving their child as well as he did.

At last Peggy took the infant from the foot of the bed, and bringing it to him, said—

"This is her child, Adam!"

"Her child?"

"Yes, Adam!"

"Away with it! I won't look at it! I hate it! It has caused her death and my despair! It is that d—d devil's child, and with some look of him about it, too! Away with the brat!"

"But, Adam—"

"Away with it, I say! I don't know it!"

"But, Adam, it is Maggie's orphan baby!"

"It caused her death! I don't know the thing! I won't own it! Out of my sight with it, or—!" furiously broke out Adam Hawk.

Peggy, frightened and distressed by the screaming of the babe, now wide awake, hurried away with it.

Morning was now dawning on the plains, and the red light of the coming sun was reflected on the snow when Peggy opened all her windows, and quietly set about preparing breakfast, as though nothing had occurred; but any watchful observer might have noticed, that from time to time she would turn gray-pale—pause, and then go on again.

Bruin, the dwarf, had returned with one or two of the nearest neighbors, and they were in the next room, preparing the dead girl for burial, and wondering alike at the singular composure of the mother, and the despairing sorrow of the father—the conduct of each, upon the occasion, so opposite to what might have been expected from either. But this was perfectly natural and consistent, had they taken the trouble to look beneath the surface of things.

The sun was just rising above the horizon, and projecting the shape of the window in golden colors upon the wall, above the bed, from whence they had just removed the dead girl to lay her out.

A cry from Adam Hawk, brought the whole house into the keeping-room, and there stood Adam—with the apparently dead body of his wife in his arms!

The bed in the next room was hastily prepared by some of the frightened women, and Peggy Hawk was laid upon it.

Another hour found the mother lying on her death-bed, in the bed-room, and the daughter laid out in the keeping-room—while Adam Hawk, stern and harsh to his best beloved ones, while they were living, gave himself up to grief and remorseful tenderness, now that they were dead, or dying.

But, reader, we will leave this gloomy picture, and turn to a brighter and a happier one, upon which the same New Year's sun arose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.

THE SILVER CASCADE,

IN THE NOTCH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The above engraving was made from a painting by the admirable artist, Doughty. The engraver has succeeded excellently, in representing the wildness of the scene, and the gracefulness of the cascade; but such magnificent scenery should be seen not alone on paper. We all yearn to hear the rippling music of the waterfall, to catch the glancing sunbeam from its silvery dashings, to be sprinkled by its spray, to climb up the great moss-covered rocks, to shout in triumph from the summit. Yet we, especially during these winter months, must be content at the present with the artist's work, in default of the original. N. P. Willis has furnished the following word-painting of the "Silver Cascade:"

"For a mountainous region, usually fertile in such accidents of nature, the neighborhood of the 'White Hills' has few waterfalls; of those that are met with in the 'Notch,' the Silver Cascade is by far the most beautiful; but to be seen to advantage, it should be visited after heavy rains. The stream is scanty, but its course from among the deep forest, whence its springs issue into the light, is one of singular beauty. Buried beneath the lofty precipices of the gorge, after ascending towards the Pulpit Rock, by the side of the turbulent torrent of the Saco, the ear is suddenly saluted by soft dashings of this sweetest of cascades; and a glance upward reveals its silver streams issuing from the loftiest crests of the mountain, and leaping from crag to crag, or spread in a broad, thin sheet of liquid light on the edge of some projecting ledge, till it reaches the road, across which it passes, forming a still and transparent pool immediately beneath, before it joins the Saco in the depths of the gorge. It is a beautiful vision in the midst of the wildest and most dreary scenery; and its sudden appearance—for nothing of it is seen till the tourist is immediately under it—is a moment of deep delight to him from the suddenness of the contrast. The lover of nature loves to linger among the wild beauties of this region; and some of the purest ideas of the American painters have been gleaned amongst its solitudes."

It is indeed well worth a visit.

Selected Articles.

DREAD OF DEATH.

BY THE REV. ALBERT BARNES.

It is not sinful to dread death. The Redeemer dreaded it. His human nature, though perfectly holy, shrank back from the agonies of dying. The fear of death, therefore, in itself is not sinful. Christians are often troubled because they have not that calmness in the prospect of death which they suppose they ought to have, and because their nature shrinks back from the dying pang. They suppose that such feelings are inconsistent with religion, and that they who have them cannot be true Christians. But they forget their Redeemer and His sorrows; they forget the earnestness with which He pleaded that the cup might be removed. Death is in itself fearful, and it is a part of our nature to dread it, and even in the best of minds, sometimes the fear of it is not wholly taken away until the hour comes, and God gives them "*dying grace.*"

There are probably two reasons why God made death so fearful to man. One is, to impress him with the importance of being prepared for it. Death is to him the entrance on endless being, and it is an object of God to keep the attention fixed on that, as a most momentous and solemn event. The ox, the lamb, the robin, the dove, have no immortal nature, no conscience; no responsibility, and no need of making preparations for death; and hence—except in a very slight degree—they seem to have no dread of dying. But not so with man. He has an undying soul. His main business here, is to prepare for death and for the world beyond; and hence, by all the fear of the dying pang, and by all the horror of the grave, God would fix the attention of man on his own death as a most momentous event, and lead him to seek the hope of immortality, which alone can lay the foundation for any proper removal of the fear of dying.

The other reason is, to deter man from taking his own life. To keep him from this, he is made so as to start back from death. He fears it; it is to him an object of deepest dread; and even when pressed down by calamity and sadness as a general law, he "had rather bear the ills he has, than fly to others that he knows not of." Man is the only creature in reference to whom this danger exists. There is no one of the brute creation, unless it be the scorpion, that will take its own life, and hence they have not such a dread of dying. But we know how it is with man. Weary of life; goaded by a guilty conscience; disappointed and heart-broken, he is under the strong temptations to commit the enormous crime of self-murder, and to rush uncalled to the bar of God. As one of the means of deterring from this, God has so made us that we fear to die; and thousands are kept from this enormous crime by this fear, when nothing else would save them. It is benevolence, therefore, to the world, that man is afraid to die; and in every pang of the dying struggle, and everything about death that makes us turn pale and tremble at its approach, there is in some way the manifestation of goodness to mankind.

POWER OF INTELLECT.

An octogenarian nobleman, having invited Lord Shaftesbury and another friend to dine with him, took occasion, immediately on the removal of the cloth, to say that his object in asking them to dine, was that he might obtain their opinion as to the propriety of his marrying his housekeeper.

"Oh! my lord," said Shaftesbury, "you may as well not keep us in suspense; we see you are married, and pray present us to her ladyship."

"Well," replied the noble host, "I am indeed married, but I wished, before informing you of it, to hear your opinion."

On retiring, Lord Shaftesbury was asked by his companion, how he could have divined as he did that their entertainer was married.

"Because," was the sagacious reply, "no man who had not already committed such a folly, would have asked advice concerning it."

A second illustration is from the memoirs of Cardinal de Retz, and relates to the famous Turenne, and his great compeer Conde, then in the Spanish army, who were in face of each other, the Spanish strongly entrenched. On a given day, Turenne gave out to his Council officers, that on the next day, at one o'clock, he would attack the Spanish camp at a given point, which was the strongest of the line. An officer, expressing his surprise at the hour and point of attack designated, was thus answered by Turenne:

"It is true, another part of the camp is weaker, but the command of that point is confided to Conde, who never sleeps; whereas the strongest point is commanded by the Spanish General, who will, at the hour named, be taking his nap. When our attack is made, an officer will be despatched to arouse him. He, relying on the strength of his position, will not believe the account, or think it only a feigned attack, and will send for further information; by the time that reaches him, we shall have carried the defences."

The event fulfilled in every particular this calculation of a master mind.

The last illustration is from our own history, and from one of its great names, Judge Chase. This eminent individual presiding in Baltimore, at a trial of some rioters, at the close of the proceedings, in a very crowded court, directed the constables to convey the prisoners to jail. The constables, appalled by the aspect of the assembled multitude, after some hesitation, told the Judge that it was more than their lives were worth to execute his order. Judge Chase immediately sprang from the bench, directed the clerk to enter Samuel Chase as constable, and then approaching the prisoners, bid them follow him—ordered the crowd to make way for their constable—and then conducted them, without opposition or difficulty, through the mass of astonished citizens to their place of confinement. In all these cases, superiority and success were founded upon the close observation and study of human mind, and of the causes which affect and control its operations.

Miscellaneous.

COST OF ARMING EUROPE.

FROM THE LONDON TIMES, NOVEMBER 18.

If anything were wanting to justify even a fanatical hater of war, it would be the aspect of Europe at this moment. Such a scene as Austerlitz, or Borodino, or Leipsic, or such a story as that of the Peninsular War, is terrible and appalling, but, coming in the midst of angry passions and bloody retaliations, it imposes on the reason with a show of necessity, and drags the soul down into the animosities of the struggle.—In the present instance there is neither reason nor provocation. Europe is under arms without any assignable cause. Two great Empires, speaking the same language, not only neighboring, but even intermixed, members of an ancient confederation, and with the same real interests, are bringing into the field against one another, not only every soldier, but almost every man capable of bearing arms. Prussia has called out her militia from every village and town, and put them in motion from one end of her straggling possessions to the other. Austria has summoned to the points of collisions the tribes that guard and disquiet her semi-barbarous frontiers. On either side, France and Russia are ready to pour hundreds of thousands into the arena, should the game once begin. But what is there for two million armed men to decide that could not be settled by two men of peace? What is there for a hundred and fifty millions of human beings to become "enemies" about? Mr. Cobden tells a story of a boy at Captain Siborne's exhibition, who puzzled his father with the question "What the Battle of Waterloo was fought about?" The father might, at all events, have answered that it concluded the longest and most terrific war, and introduced the longest and most beneficial peace the world has yet seen. But what account can be given of the present general arming that the most intelligent child would be likely to understand?

One thing, at least, is very clear—that the greater part of the evil is produced by itself.—Army provokes army, and the rivalry is only bounded by the inability of the population to produce more armed men; so that, if it be asked why Europe is armed, the best reason, after all, that can be given is, "Because it *is* armed."

The stay-at-home inhabitants of this blessed isle can hardly conceive what it is to live under a military Empire, in fact, in any one of the four great Powers of Europe. Our army is comparatively small, and half of it is always out of the way. Though it presses rather heavily on the purse, it does not offend the sense or demoralize society to anything like the extent the foreign armies do. We have not several thousand soldiers lounging about every considerable town, getting into all kinds of mischief, and becoming more and more unfit for any honest or useful occupation. We do not see our villages emptied of ablebodied men, and the laborious works of husbandry left to women of all ages, working under the orders of husbands or fathers who have spent the best years of their life in military service, and are as disqualified as they are indisposed for agricultural labor. All this may be seen abroad anywhere, from the Bay of Biscay to the Caspian Sea. On a former occasion we have described what any man may see a day's journey from this metropolis, in the magnificent old cities of Rhenish Prussia; but, as Mr. has Cobden just dashed it off with his usual felicity in his Wrexham speech, we think it common justice to take his description.

"Four millions of men—the flower of Europe—from twenty to thirty-three years of age, are under arms, living in idleness. There are no men in the country parts there; the women are doing their farm work, toiling up to their knees in manure, and amidst muck and dirt, at the age of thirty and forty. They may be seen thus employed, tanned and haggard, and looking hardly like the fair sex. They do this that the muscle and strength of the country may be clothed in military coats, and may carry muskets on their shoulders—a scandal to a civilized and a Christian age."

We can answer for it from the evidence of our senses, that this is no exaggeration, and, as it only aims to give one aspect of the fact, so it only gives half its horrors. If it be inquired why the country-women on the continent are so ill-favored, masculine, and coarse, compared with our own village girls and dames, or why foreign husbandry continues in so primitive and barbarous a state, or why the poor villagers are content with such humble fare, or why the statistics of the foreign cities prove so fearful an amount of demoralization, or, lastly, why foreign populations are so prone and apt to arms, and so formidable in insurrection, one answer is sufficient for all these questions, and that is, that nearly the whole population are early kidnapped, so to speak, from useful employments, to be crowded in garrisons and cities and pampered in idleness, to practice every vice, and forget every useful and honorable accomplishment.

The cost of the vast operations we now witness in Germany, is too great and too manifold to admit of any estimate. We may know what the Prussian Landwehr is paid to be idle, and what it costs in meat, drink, and clothing. But it can never be known how much that country will lose by the sudden withdrawal of some hundred thousand men from the fields just at the time when they are wanted to prepare for next year's harvest. To similar causes may be ascribed the numerous famines which have accompanied war, and dealt more destruction than the sword and the spear. Thus, while these nations are increasing their debts, they are still more curtailing their powers of production. While there are more to be fed, there are fewer to feed. Yet all this happens in a time of peace, with nothing but the threat and apprehension of war.—Germany is, as yet, only fighting with a shadow. There is no quarrel but what may be settled in amicable conference, and need never have arisen. At present, the real quarrel is a rivalry of armaments—which shall show most men. The only check on so foolish a competition is a general agreement to reduce these excessive preparations. When the Russian and German Powers next meet at Warsaw, they will set themselves right with the world, and do much to redeem the credit of Kings, if they agree to reduce their armies in a certain proportion, or to keep only a certain quantity of troops under arms. This might be done, for it has been done frequently. The path of peace once entered, there may soon be a rivalry in this direction as great as that which is hurrying myriads to a cruel and fratricidal war. England and France have already effected large reductions during the last year, and may effect more; why should they not press on the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian Governments the wisdom of following their example before they stumble into a war which this generation may not live to see the end of?

LAMERTINE AT HOME.

A correspondent of the Presbyterian gives the following account of the return of Lamartine to his own estate in the country:

"The peasantry had prepared a grand fete for his arrival, of the following description. The house was completely covered with garlands and devices; and when, at the expected hour, M. and Madame de Lamartine arrived, the little girls, in their Sunday clothes, first presented themselves, offering them a basket of the finest fruit that can be seen anywhere; one of them delivered a charming little address, then they gave place to the boys, carrying likewise a basket of fruit, and what was more original, a basket filled with fresh butter, sculptured, so to speak, and representing M. and Madame de Lamartine seated in a chariot drawn by sheep. Other children brought a lamb, a little sucking pig, entirely covered with silk ribbons and flowers, a superb calf, and in a large cage, a hare. These peasants, who cultivate nothing but the vine, had purchased these gifts with their own money.

"A peasant, mounted on a cart, made an excellent address, thanking God for bringing M. and Madame de Lamartine back into the midst of them. Lamartine replied in a speech against Socialism. The French peasantry, said he, are calumniated, when they are accused of want of attachment to their landlords; he desired no other proof of this than what was before his eyes; it is the part of the landlord to do his duty. The day was closed by a grand dinner, given to these honest people by M. and Madame de Lamartine.

"In the evening, the peasants came and asked a favor; it was to permit the cure, next morning, to celebrate, in the chapel adjoining the mansion, a thanksgiving service for the happy return of their Landlord and Lady. In connection with the circumstance, Lamartine learned that on the morning after his departure for the East a mass was celebrated, at the request of the peasants, for the purpose of praying God to preserve them during their journey. After this statement, I need not say that both Lamartine and his Lady do much for the benefit of those who are around them. Madame de Lamartine takes an active interest in the schools, and has a fellow-feeling with her husband for improving, as much as possible, the condition of the peasantry."

☞ It is a fact worthy of notice, that the most celebrated classical scholar of modern times received the first rudiments of his classical education from a female; it was Richard Bentley's mother who taught him the Latin Accidence.—She is represented to have been a woman of very superior understanding.

ANECDOTE OF JENNY LIND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE HOME JOURNAL.

Men of genius are incapable of care or prudence in money matters. They are busy in amassing something else—*fame*, that will buy more and last longer. What money they *do* make is among the things to which they attach no particular value, and which they part with as easily as a pinch of snuff. The "money-troubles" of men of genius, in fact, should be looked upon as a disease to which they are liable, and for which they are, in a measure, irresponsible. [We enter our protest against this doctrine. *Editor of Post.*]

Vivier, the musician, who is the present rage in London, is one of the rare instances of *a man of genius who has a banker!* His account with his banker is a very uncertain one, it is true; but, now and then, he is "flush," with the proceeds of a successful tour or concert, and he makes haste to indulge in a little this-world-respectability, by making a deposit, on which he can draw checks, like a capitalist! The last season was productive. He had made a tour with Jenny Lind in Germany, and, his pocket being heavy, on his return, the great banker, Mr. Baring, had been the recipient of some twelve hundred pounds to his account.

But Vivier's heart is in his own country, and, the moment he was unoccupied, he began to be homesick. He would make a visit of a month or two to Paris, and return when the great Fair of London recalled him to the banks of the Thames. He drove to the banker's for his money.

By the eminent Mr. Baring, he was received with the genial courtesy which genius commands, even in the marts of Mammon, from those who are its princes.

"I have called to draw the little sum that I have in your hands," said Vivier.

At these words, the banker put on a grave air, and slightly pinched his lips.

"It is impossible to let you have it," was the reply.

"Ah, you are, perhaps, embarrassed at this particular moment!" innocently supposed the musician.

"Not at all!" said the banker, and, one of his clerks entering at the moment, he turned to him, and said:—"You will send to His Grace, the Duke of ——, the forty thousand pounds, which was the amount of the loan he requested."

"This re-assures me," said Vivier; "if you can lend forty thousand pounds, you could easily furnish me the two hundred pounds, from my deposit, which I require at this moment for a trip to Paris."

"Certainly I *could*—but I must still refuse it," persisted the imperturbable banker.

"Monsieur!" said Vivier, "I like a joke well enough when it is not carried too far—but this seems to me to have attained its limits."

"I never joke on matters of business, sir," said Baring, "and, when I assure you that you cannot have the money you ask for, I am quite in earnest."

"Do you pretend to deny that I made a deposit with you, then?"

"Certainly not. I remember perfectly, that, a short time since, you deposited, with me, twelve hundred pounds—for which, with a confidingness that was a compliment to me, you did not ask for a receipt."

"And will you abuse this confidence?"

"Never, of course. But still you cannot touch the money in question."

"Your reason why, sir, if you please?"

"I will tell you. A few days before her departure for the United States, Miss Jenny Lind, whose banker I also am, did me the honor to dine with me. After dinner, we pleaded for the privilege of once more hearing her delightful voice, and she assented, on one condition—that I would grant a request which she wished to make. I promised, and she sang. The song over, we claimed to know our obligation, and she then said:—'Vivier has deposited money with you—twelve hundred pounds, I hear. He ought to be rich, with the money he makes, but the careless creature spends his earnings with the prodigality of a Prince. Some one should be prudent for him, since he has no prudence for himself. His capital should be invested, in spite of him, and the interest allowed to accumulate. This sum, now, might be, one day, a little capital that would save him from want. I wish you to refuse to let him draw it out of your hands.' This is the explanation of my refusal, and you see that it originated in a kind and affectionate solicitude for your welfare."

"Oh, very well," said Vivier, "and, of course, I am sensible of the sympathy which actuated the illustrious woman whose heart is even greater than her talent—but, gratitude notwithstanding, I do not accept the tutelage, for I am out of money, and must have it for my present need. If I can get it in no other way, I will appeal to the law."

"Very well," said the banker, "the right is on your side, and you can go to law, if you like. But you will ruin yourself with the cost of the suit, and, with my means, I can make it last as long as your life, for the delays of the law are endless if you choose to pay for them. Nothing shall prevent me from keeping my word to Jenny Lind, and carrying out her benevolent design. You cannot touch the money in my hands."

Before the inflexible determination of the banker, Vivier was obliged to yield, and the result hoped for, by his friends in Paris, was, that he would be obliged to give a concert, capitalist though he was, during his vacation there, to pay the expenses of his idleness.

And, apropos of Jenny Lind, it is confidently stated that she is to sing in Paris, as soon as her American trip is over. Benedict, who is with her, is said to have a new Opera which he is first to produce in the French capital, and Jenny Lind is to appear in it! So says musical gossip.

[We translate the above chit-chat, but we know that Miss Lind has made a deliberate resolution never again to appear in Opera, and she is inflexible when her mind is made up. We regret the determination, but we are very certain, from what we heard her say when she was here, that the admirable "Sonnambula" and "Daughter of the Regiment," will never again be heard on the Operatic stage.]—W.

PRESIDENTS AND THEIR MESSAGES.

[We take the following from an exchange. We cannot vouch for the accuracy of all its statements.]

President Fillmore, has just issued his message; it is rather brief, compact and readable. In reading this document, we are familiarly taken by the buttonhole by our thoughts, and asked if it ever struck us, that a brief review of Presidents' Messages, would be an entertaining matter for the nonce? For instance, the first Message ever penned for the American people, was under the administration of Gen. George Washington. It was written by a Virginia lawyer, under the dictation of the President, and this record is rather an interesting document to read now-a-days. Washington wrote very little, never wrote any of his messages.

John Adams was a scholar and an excellent writer. He succeeded Washington, and wrote several of his messages, himself; some of them were lengthy, and all of them remembered for their diction and patriotic tone.

Thomas Jefferson, who succeeded Mr. Adams, was an elegant penman, but slow; several of his messages were written by himself. They breathe patriotism and the solid reasonings of the philosophic statesman.

James Madison was a man of whom as little seems to be known, as though he had never ruled beyond his own estates; but he was a moderate scholar, and a fine old fashioned gentleman. His messages were all made to his order; he never flourished as a great diplomatist or arithmetician.

James Munroe never figured much in his messages; they were calm, quiet documents, written by his secretaries.

John Quincy Adams wrote elaborate and lengthy messages. Every word and line, was set in with a precision at once bespeaking the profound logician, the statesman, the scholar, and the philanthropist. It is said, Mr. Adams wrote every message he issued, the longest he issued being written in twenty-four consecutive hours!

General Jackson's messages all breathe the fiery spirit, resolute, prompt, and decisive vigor of that remarkable man. General Jackson was an impatient writer; his messages were written by his Secretaries, he dictating and walking the floor most of the time. They were revised by Mr. Van Buren.

Mr. Van Buren succeeded Gen. Jackson. He wrote his own messages, generally; frequently sitting up whole nights for this purpose. They smell of the law office and green bag all out!

President Harrison made no sign; his successor, John Tyler, composed some messages; they were somewhat bombastic, and always unnecessarily long and tedious.

General Taylor's message was emblematic of the man, rather brief, to the point, plain and substantial, and considering the great increase of matters and things he had to cipher out, they were very brief. There has not been a great deal to talk about in fact, since General Taylor's death, hence, Mr. Fillmore got off with very "short commons," and his message is just what a plain and candid lawyer would be apt to think and say, and it will probably be extensively read, as it is, saving editors and printers much work, and political and bar-room caucuses, a small show for—gas. So mote it be.—*Mail.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1851.

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We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;

OR,

THE FOSTER SISTERS.

According to our promise, we give this week the first number of Mrs. Southworth's Novelet—although, if we had known under what circumstances it was furnished, we should have insisted upon putting it off for a week longer. The indefatigable author writes to us:

"I cannot tell under how much and what a variety of difficulties this opening chapter has been written. Nothing but the urgent necessity would have made me attempt to write this week or last. My eyes have been highly inflamed—I have had blisters behind my ears, and been taking medicine. I have only been able to write three hours a day, and that with pain and danger."

In addition to the above, one of her children was taken sick,—and yet the unconquerable spirit of Mrs. Southworth persevered, and fulfilled the engagement she had made. Such indomitable perseverance and energy, combined with her fine genius, must eventually place Mrs. Southworth's name, we think, high on the roll of literary fame. Mrs. S. still holds to her opinion that this will be the best Novelet she has written. We think the opening chapter rich in promise—the characters are already well defined and marked with those strong individual traits that distinguish the creations of genius. How many men are like Adam Hawk, "stern and harsh to their best beloved ones while living yet overcome with remorseful tenderness when they are dead or dying." How many who wait for Death to teach them that human life is a sacred mystery, a gift of God, to be received and cherished in a spirit of reverent love!

FLAX-COTTON.

One of those great industrial discoveries which so often have affected the fate of empires, is triumphantly announced in the late London papers. It is asserted that a series of improvements have been effected, by which, in the first place, the fibre of flax can be separated from the plant without any of the labor, cost, and injury of the steeping process; in the second, the texture modified so as to deprive it of the "cold feel" of flax, and convert it into a substance—a new material—possessing "all the warmth of wool, the softness of cotton, and the glossiness of silk," which it is said so strongly to resemble, both to the eye and touch, that nothing but "the actual samples of the results, exhibiting in one and the same bundle of fibres, the raw flax at one end and the *quasi* silk or cotton at the other," would induce belief; while it is found—and this is pronounced the crowning triumph—that the flax thus prepared, may be sent to the cotton mill, and there, by the ordinary cotton machinery, manufactured into goods as easily as cotton itself.

The first and second of the above improvements, are said to be the invention of a Mr. Donlap; while the honor of the third is awarded to a French gentleman, a Monsieur Claussen.

The patent granted to M. Claussen, in England, is for the preparation of flax in a short staple, so as to produce a substitute for wool and cotton capable of being spun upon cotton machinery, and also for the mixture of the materials thus obtained, which can be carded together with silk, cotton or wool, or separately, as cotton for spinning into yarns. The right is also secured for preparing long fibre as a substitute for silk for bleaching, in the preparation of materials for spinning and felting, and also in yarns and felts. The London Chronicle says of its practical results that from 1½ cwt. of the flax fibre prepared and cleaned upon the unsteeped process, one cwt. of a substance, identical with clean cotton, can be produced at a cost for material of less than half a crown. The cost of manual or mechanical labor required in its preparation, including the expense of bleaching, an operation performed in a few seconds, does not amount to more than 7-16th of a penny per pound. The mixture of the two substances, viz., wool with flax reduced to a short staple, forms a fabric exceedingly durable, while its cost may be judged by the fact that while wool costs 4s. 6d., the flax prepared and ready for spinning may be obtained for sixpence per pound, so that with flax and wool spun together in equal quantities, the cost would be reduced by nearly one half.

When it is remembered that the soil of England, and perhaps in even a greater degree, that of Ireland, is adapted to the culture of flax, it cannot be wondered that this alleged discovery has made a great sensation. Uneasy as Great Britain has been for a number of years, on account of her dependence upon this country for the raw material of her manufactures, a discovery which promises to release her from what she considers a political and mercantile thraldom, cannot fail to be received with the loudest tones of triumph.

A London correspondent of the National Intelligencer says:—"The preparation of flax upon a new plan—that is, without steeping it,—is spoken of in the highest terms of praise by the Society for the Promotion of the Growth of Flax in Ireland. In their last Report, the comparative produce of flax fibre from the 100,000 acres of land now proposed to be brought under flax cultivation in Ireland, by the best modes of steeping, and the new mode without steeping, is stated as follows:

	Tons.
Upon Schenck's improved steeping plan,	47,401
New unsteeped process,	96,668

The money value of the produce of the new unsteeped process would be £2,434,400 over that produced by Schenck's plan, the best now in use." The above Company proposes to purchase the product of the 100,000 acres, at £12 per acre.

The London Chronicle adds that, at the approaching great Industrial Exhibition, the inventor of the flax cotton will be present, prepared to exhibit the whole series of processes, "from the first preparation of the raw material to the final manufacture of the 'cotton,' 'silk' and 'wool' into textile fabrics."

We now come to a consideration of the probable effect of such a discovery as the above, upon the interests of the American Union. Of course, we by no means suppose that this new discovery is all that it professes to be. It may be—but the probabilities are against it; as they are against every wonderful new alleged invention or discovery, until it is demonstrated by facts. For a process may be true, scientifically, and yet not true practically—in other words, it either may cost too much, require too much nicety and care, or be too uncertain in its results, to be undertaken on that large scale which the industrial operations of great communities require.

But, taking for granted that the sanguine hopes of the English manufacturers will be fully realized, the present great leading agricultural interest of the Southern portion of the Union would receive a very heavy blow, the immediate effects of which would be disastrous in the extreme to the South, and by no means small at the North. But, as we have always considered it a question of great doubt, that the invention of the cotton gin, and the consequent rapid extension of the culture of the cotton plant, have been a real and permanent benefit to the South, so now we also doubt that the destruction of the cotton culture would be an ultimate injury. As we have said, its immediate effects would be disastrous—even terribly so. But, before long, all that was most energetic and indomitable in the South would rally to the rescue,—new avenues of prosperity would be opened, thrift take the place of a lavish prodigality, small and well cultivated farms be substituted for great and ill-tilled plantations, and the price of land, the density of population, and the general appearance of improvement, ultimately give evidence of a prosperity unknown in the palmiest cotton days.

Therefore, even if those English accounts be true to the letter—which we greatly doubt—the Southern States will have no cause to lament, in the end. No great people, worthy to be called a people, can be prostrated by any blow at their modes of industry. One of the best things that ever happened for New England, was the Embargo Law, which prostrated millions of her capital, then largely invested in shipping. Even if a blow of this kind does nothing else, it strengthens in a people the faculty of depending upon themselves—it proves to them that their success lies in no particular trade or craft, but in their own indomitable energy—it gives them that proud feeling of self-reliance, which laughs alike at political and mercantile storms, and fears not the ravages of the elements, for it knows that the power of man to originate and renew, is greater than all those to destroy.

A SEASONABLE EDICT.

Under this head, a proclamation appears in the New York "*Christian Inquirer*," recommending all persons, upon the FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR, "To examine their libraries, study and centre tables, 'what-nots,' depositories of pamphlets and newspapers, carefully to ascertain whether they have in their possession any volumes, bound or unbound, tracts, pamphlets, or journals, not their own property but had and obtained simply for perusal from friends and acquaintances; and in all cases where such examination results in finding any publications, ancient or modern, big or little, prose or poetry, songs or sermons, belonging to parties who lament lost tomes, broken 'sets,' or missing periodicals, to forthwith do up said publications in clean paper, and by their own or more trustworthy hands transport them *home*. And it is further recommended, that all persons who believe that books are books and umbrellas umbrellas, that lending is not giving, that debts are to be paid, and promises to be redeemed, observe and keep the day above named in the manner enjoined, in order that they may be thankful for relief from the accusations of conscience, and also make their friends thankful for the recovery of property, the *titles* to which are vested in them beyond all quibble or doubt."

Cordially concurring in the above Proclamation, we lay its recommendations before our readers; and though they will not be able this year, to observe the *First* Day of the year in the prescribed manner, it will answer just as well to devote some portion of the morning or afternoon when they receive this paper, to the examination of their libraries, book-tables, and closets, that all borrowed books, newspapers, umbrellas, &c., may be returned forthwith to their owners.

Speaking as one of the large class of lenders of *books*, we may be allowed permission to say, that nothing is so well calculated to make a man selfish respecting his property of this kind, as the almost universal carelessness—not to call it by a harsher name—of borrowers. For it is, of course, the most interesting works that a man has on his shelves, which are most sought after. To lend books to those who will read them at once, take care of them, and promptly return them, is a pleasure; but to lend to those who will do none of these, is, most decidedly, a *sacrifice* to friendship or politeness.

A FINE POEM.

Some months ago, we published the following spirited poem, which we found in one of our exchanges. We wondered much, then, as to the authorship. We now re-publish it, with the information that it is by the author of "Alton Locke," a new English book, noticed by us a few weeks since. Here is the poem:

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand;
 Its storms roll up the sky;
A nation sleeps starving on heaps of gold—
 All dreamers toss and sigh.
When pain is the greatest the child is born,
And the night is darkest before the dawn
 Of the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, Angels of God—
 Chivalry, Justice and Truth—
Come, for the Earth is grown coward and old,
 Come down and renew us her youth.
Freedom, self-sacrifice, mercy and love,
Haste to the battle-field—stoop from above
 To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell;
 Famine and plague and war,
Idleness, bigotry, cant and misrule—
 Gather and fall in the snare.
Hirelings and mammonites, pedants and knaves,
Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your graves
 In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and whine for a lost Age of Gold,
 While the Lord of the Ages is here?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
 And those who can suffer, can dare.
Each past Age of Gold was an Iron Age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do
 In the Day of the Lord at hand.

A MUMMY OPENING.

At the request of a number of our respectable citizens, Mr. Gliddon has made arrangements for a new series of eight lectures on "Egyptian Archæology"—which means, we believe, *Antiquity*. The tickets for the course (gentlemen's $3.00, ladies' $2.00,) also entitle the bearers *to reserved seats at the opening of two Mummies* on Friday evening, January 17th. As only *one* Mummy (and that of doubtful sex) was opened in Boston, we suppose we Philadelphians must take the opening of *two* as quite a compliment. By the way, little did the embalmers of these Mummies think that their sacred vestments ever should be opened to satisfy the irreverent curiosity of a respectable Yankee or Quaker audience, on the other side of the Atlantic. It quite reconciles one to being eaten up by worms—this toting-about, exhibiting, and opening of dried-up Egyptians some twenty-five centuries after their death. If Mr. Gliddon does not waken up some "knockings" in this city—such as they have had in Rochester and New York—it will be "more by good luck than good management." Other men may do as they like, but we would not lay an idle or irreverent hand on the burial vestments of those departed Egyptians, for more than anybody would be likely to pay us.

TINDER-BOATS.

In an account of the recent burning of the steamboat South America on the Mississippi, by which twenty-seven lives were lost, occurs the following paragraph:

In *five minutes* after she took fire the boat was in flames from stem to stern, and from the main to the hurricane deck. The rapidity with which the flames spread may be imagined from the fact that by the time Mr. Hayman had run to the ladies' cabin and hurried its inmates forward and out of the social hall to the steps, the fire was within two feet of him. He, however, escaped uninjured.

Is it not outrageous that our steamboats should be such tinder-boxes? Why the simple use of even the newly discovered fire-proof paint, might have saved the twenty-seven lives lost by the burning of the South America. And yet steamboats could easily be built—and at probably very little more expense—which would burn very slowly, if at all. Congress has passed several laws relative to steamboats, but the right one has not been passed yet. We need one which will include precautions against fire, against explosions, and against the want of the necessary number of small boats.

RE-VACCINATION.

We perceive that the late Dr. Fisher, of Boston, who is said to have paid much attention to the subject of Vaccination, alleged that every person should be not only once Vaccinated, but should have the operation repeated, one or more times, or until the system ceased to be affected by the virus.

This might indeed succeed in extirpating the small pox, but how much harm it would cause by communicating various leprous affections from man to man, is past calculation. Many experienced physicians are far from considering Vaccination an unmixed good—and mothers, who know how liable infants are to be attacked with ulcers, and other scrofulous affections, after Vaccination, will not willingly hear of a second or third Vaccination, except in cases of great liability to the disease against which it is intended to guard. It is the opinion of some physicians, that a taint is often communicated to the blood from unhealthy virus, which affects the system through life. Physicians should be very careful never to use the vaccine matter after it has passed through the system of a scrofulous or otherwise unhealthy child.

NOTHING NEW.

Our agricultural readers know—or ought to know—that among the late improvements in farming in England and Scotland, an extensive system of under-draining holds a prominent place. It now appears from the researches of an English gentleman, who is employed in running the boundary line between Turkey and Persia, that a system of draining perfectly similar to the present improved British system, was used by the ancient Chaldeans—their draining tiles, which he has found and traced, being of precisely the same form and materials as those used by the British farmers. Truly the people of old times were not such ignorant barbarians as many suppose.

OBITUARY.

Died of pulmonary consumption, at her father's residence, near Kennet Square, Penna. on Saturday, the 21st ult. MARY S. TAYLOR, in the 24th year of her age, consort of Bayard Taylor, and daughter of John and Lydia Agnew.

When the young and lovely, the desire of the eyes, the garnered treasure of the heart vanish from our sight, how worthless appear the perishing things of the body, which may thus, in a moment, be cast aside as an empty shell or a worn-out garment! How worthless all but the invisible riches of the soul, through which we claim affinity with the Father of spirits, and heirship to His own everlasting life. These the unspeaking Word, and the blessed Gospel of Christ assure us, can never die. Through these the sweet presence of the lost one yet lingers in her forsaken home. The tenderness of her voice, the kindness of her warm, true heart, felt in the soft yet cordial pressure of her hand, the bright affection of her smile, the rare intelligence beaming from her countenance, the patience, and trust, and pure unbounded love, that shone in the mild yet glowing light of her beautiful eyes, the gentle grace, not conventional, but spiritual, that moulded her lovely form and animated her every action, so that she moved through her humblest duties in an atmosphere of poetry and beauty—these the lineaments of the deathless soul, treasured up in faithful hearts, will assuredly meet them in Heaven, familiar to their eyes as her earthly form.

Oh, sorrowing parents! the depth of whose grief no human eye can fathom, no human consolation reach; oh, lonely heart! left desolate in the morning of life, bowing, in the anguish of bereavement, over love's sweet ties thus early rent asunder, look to the Comforter, and open your stricken hearts to His coming, for He alone can heal. Let memory and hope, twin spirits of consolation, endearing the past, and irradiating the future, bear you up on angel wings above the heavy gloom of the present hour. Look not down into the grave, whose chill horrors may shudder through the pulses of the living. Your Mary is not there—her mortal frame, wasted by sickness, ye have indeed laid within the tomb, but her sweet spirit, freed at last from pain, and safe from sorrow, is withdrawn from the outward eye, only that it may rest in peace upon the bosom of God. In His inscrutable wisdom we are tortured with the dread mystery of death and the agony of separation, but as surely as He is Love will this be abundantly recompensed by the bliss of reunion in the day when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

THE SUPREMACY OF THE SEAS.

Our English friends (judging from a recent article in the "*London Times*") are growing alarmed at the prospect of being surpassed by the "universal Yankee nation" on the high seas. It says the American vessels are faster than theirs, and "notwithstanding the immense cost of their postal arrangements," the Americans often anticipate their news some two or three days. The "*Times*" says:

We have several times had to direct attention to the fresh lines of steamers on the American rivers and lakes, to vast additional lengths of canal, and the endless ramifications of the railway system; as also to the new manufactures whenever an opening offered. The rapid increase of population in the States, augmented by an annual immigration of near 300,000 from these isles, is a fact that forces itself on the notice and the interest of the most unobservant and incurious. All these promise to develope the resources of the States to such an extent as to compel us to a competition as difficult as it is unavoidable. We must run a race with our gigantic and unshackled rival. We must set our long-practised skill, our steady industry, and our dogged determination against his youth, ingenuity and ardor. It is the father who runs a race with his son. A fell necessity constrains us, and we must not be beat. Let our shipbuilders and their employers take warning in time. There will always be an abundant supply of vessels good enough and fast enough for short voyages. The coal trade can take care of itself, for it will ever be a refuge for the destitute. But we want fast vessels for the long voyages, which otherwise will fall into American hands. It is fortunate that the Navigation Laws have been repealed in time to destroy those false and unreasonable expectations, which might have lulled the ardor of British competition. We now all start together, with a fair field and no favor. The American Captain can call at London, and the British Captain can pursue his voyage to New York. Who can complain? Not we. *We trust that our countrymen will not be beaten; but, if they should be, we shall know that they deserve it.*

That last clause is conceived in a very manly and magnanimous spirit. But we cannot help it, unpleasant as it is,—we are bound to beat you, old Johnny Bull. The fact is, it is our destiny, and yours. Every nation, as well as every *dog*, has its day—and our day is just opening. You will be beaten, for you *do* "deserve to be beaten." You have not acted up to your light and opportunities—witness the awfully destitute condition of a very large proportion of your population. "You have been weighed in the balance and found wanting." Now comes our turn—power shall be given unto us—then we shall be weighed, we are now doubtless being weighed—with what result, some more hopeful man than we are, may answer.

THE RAPPINGS AGAIN.

The "Washington Republic" says that a private correspondent, on whom they can rely, informs them that the "mysterious rappings" are again exciting no little attention in Boston and Providence. The correspondent says that "almost every one who is satisfied as to the absence of trickery, accepts the spiritual solution." He says:

When I saw the table move, it moved the length of my hand, so that my hand, which was resting on it, fell. This was repeated several times. There were no castors on the table, and it required considerable effort to move it. The room was light. Four persons were present, no one of whom, I am confident, had any thing to do, (knowingly) with the motion. It was considered an unsuccessful experiment; as a few nights before, the table had been carried across the room and back, and upset and restored to its legs. The same thing was done in Providence in a very respectable and intelligent family. Very curious all this; but I am indisposed to believe that spirits out of the flesh do it, although I am fully satisfied that there is no human collusion in the matter.

We confess we should like to see a table upset and restored to its legs again, as described. But Philadelphia is a poor place, in some respects—it has no "*rappings*," though Blitz is up to almost every thing. Next week, however, we are to have an *unwrapping*—that of the mummies—and then we shall have some "knockings," or else the old Egyptians were not as irascible a race as they have the credit of being.

CLERGYMEN.

A bill introduced into the Florida Legislature to amend the Constitution of the State, so as to allow Ministers of the Gospel to hold office under it, was lost in the Senate by a vote of 11 ayes to 7 nays—two-thirds being necessary to its passage through either House.

Whatever may be thought of the good taste or policy of clergymen holding political offices, we consider that their *right* to do so should not be invaded by any law. If they ever see fit to become candidates—and the people see fit to elect them—no Constitutional bar, we think, should be interposed. The matter, in our opinion, should be left entirely to the good sense of the clergy and the people.

THE AZTEC CHILDREN.

The "*Aztec*" children, in Boston, the members of "a dwarfed and deformed race," and all that, are said to be nothing more or less than the idiotic offspring of Indian parents, as large and well-formed as ourselves; and of the numerous race which peoples that country, as well as a great part of New Grenada and the Southern part of Mexico. A Yankee, returning from California, saw them, and conceived the idea of bringing them here to humbug the public. Now the secret is out, the "Aztec" children will be apt to prove a bad speculation. We suppose they will ultimately find their way to some American poor-house.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

The steamship Ohio had a most perilous voyage from Havana to Norfolk, at which place she was forced to seek refuge. Her fires were put out by the pouring in of water from a leak, and nothing but the incessant labor of several hundred passengers, in addition to the crew, kept the water down, and brought her safely into port. The damage to the Ohio is supposed to be about $30,000—everything on board at all breakable being broken. She brought over one million of California gold dust, and reports all quiet in Cuba.

AMIN BEY.

Mr. J. P. Brown, the American companion of Amin Bey, has published a letter denying that he has hoaxed the Government in relation to the mission of the Turk. From a summary of the letter which we have seen, our impressions are rather confirmed. Mr. Brown now terms Amin Bey an "*Agent* of the Sublime Porte." It was generally understood at first, that he was something much more imposing than a mere "*Agent*." We adhere as yet to the opinion, that it is "von gran' hoax."

JENNY LIND.—*There was considerable anxiety* felt for Jenny Lind, on her passage from Wilmington, N. C., by sea to Charleston. It was feared that the heavy storm on Sunday week, would put the boat in which she had taken passage, in great danger. The boat, however, experienced no other inconvenience than a few hour's delay, and reached Charleston in safety.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

A fire broke out in the basement of the Ledger Building of this city, a little after seven o'clock, on Monday morning last, which spread in a short time through the whole building. Notwithstanding the early appearance of the firemen on the ground, it was found impossible to arrest the flames until nearly everything that was consumable was destroyed. The building contained the printing offices of the Ledger and of the Dollar Newspaper, and a very large and extensive job and book printing office—the value of the presses, machinery, types, materials, &c., being estimated, with the building, at over a hundred thousand dollars. The walls being firmly built, and none of the floors except those of the fifth and sixth stories giving away, the presses, &c., at the time of writing this, are believed to be not seriously injured. There was an insurance on the building and stock of $28,000—but the loss of the proprietors above this, is estimated as at least $25,000, if not a greater sum.

We regret further to add that all this week's wrappers of the Dollar Newspaper, are [illegible] to be consumed. The country subscribers to that paper will therefore please make due allowance, in case their papers do not reach them as speedily as usual. We have no doubt that the energetic and enterprising proprietors will arrange matters in the shortest possible time.

The offices of the Evening Bulletin and City Item, and the bookstore of W. B. Zieber, adjoining the Public Ledger Building on one side, and the book and periodical establishment of T. B. Peterson, with the bindery of Mr. Gihon, adjoining on the other, experienced no injury from the fire, but considerable from the torrents of water. But as these establishments also are in the hands of energetic men, we think by the time this paper reaches our subscribers, they will be as ready to accommodate their customers as ever.

THE PAINE LIGHT.

The "Paine light" invention dies hard. Mr. Paine has not only been able to convince the editors of Worcester, but even Elizur Wright, of the Boston Chronotype. The latter claims for Mr. Paine not only the hydro-electric light, but the invention of "perpetual motion." Electricity is first generated by mechanical force, and it in turn produces a mechanical force some hundreds, thousands, or millions of times greater than that which generated itself; and hence a portion of it may be substituted for the original mechanical force required to set the apparatus in motion, while the unlimited remainder is applied, as a chemical or decomposing force, to the resolution of water into its gaseous elements:

"Here," says the Chronotype, "is perpetual motion with a witness—perpetual motion to all intents and purposes—perpetual motion beyond the most sanguine dreams of its craziest pursuer. Here the great element of life is chained, tamed and subjected to the dominion of man as completely as the wind or the water ever were. The consequences of this discovery are enough to upset the soundest intellect. It must make a revolution in science and in society. It puts society under new conditions, by virtue of which a hundred things may easily happen which we now think impossible. Wealth may lose its influence and tyranny its motive. Emancipated from physical labor in so great a measure, and insured a so much higher degree of physical comfort, the race may advance in moral culture and development more in one generation than it otherwise would in a thousand years. Given light, heat, and power free as the water, and we are armed against all other wants, and fortified against all enemies."

This is all very fine, pleasant, and cheering—if one could only believe it. But why does not Mr. Paine convince some of the *scientific* gentlemen of New England, of the genuineness of his wonderful invention; or why does he not take out a patent for it? In spite of the Chronotype's assertions, we believe the whole affair is "*gas*."

CONFIRMED.

A statement that was made, but not universally believed, during the war with Mexico, has been confirmed by Archbishop Hughes, in a sermon he recently delivered in England, on his way to Rome. He said:

As another proof of the real freedom of religion, the real liberality of the people in America, I will just mention that a few years ago the Catholic bishop happening to be in Washington during the meeting of Congress, was invited to preach before it, and the members of all persuasions assembled to hear him. On another occasion, this same bishop, at the time of the war with Mexico, *was invited to the cabinet council of the Ministers of State, to give his advice upon the subject of concluding the war; and had it not speedily terminated, he was to have been sent on a deputation to Mexico, thinking that, in his sacred character, he might have influence with the people of Mexico*, being of his own religion, and thereby prevent the further effusion of blood.

IRISH WAGES.

A laborer in Kanturk, Ireland, recently sued his employer, a farmer, for one shilling and sixpence—being *eighteen days' work, at one penny per day*. The farmer, in his defence, said that he could bring a witness to prove that the wages really agreed upon were one half-penny per *week*. Finally, he tendered three half-pence as the amount of the legitimate claim. We are not told how the question was decided—but, at the best, it exhibits a deplorable view of the state of affairs in Ireland.

ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE.—By the arrival of the Baltic, we have one week's later news from Europe. Cotton, American descriptions, had advanced ⅛ to ¼d. Breadstuffs were dull. The political news is unimportant.

Clippings.

☞ A wealthy, popular, and gay young gentleman once boasted that he could walk home with any one of the members of a certain division of the Daughters of Temperance from church. Accordingly, after service was over on the Sabbath, he spruced up to a fair damsel, and with a polite bow, tendered his arm. The young lady instinctively drew back, as from a serpent, and exclaimed:—

"No, sir, I'll never put my arm through another jug handle as long as I live!"

☞ A Professor in New York offers to teach "aspirants for office" a knowledge of slang in four lessons of an hour each. As he studied under a man who blackguarded himself into Congress, he flatters himself that he can be of infinite service to every person who intends to make politics a profession.

☞ When you invite a lady to a concert, and she invites four others to accompany her, do not grumble; for that would show you think too much of a good thing is worse than none at all.

☞ OVER-NICE PEOPLE.—Emerson drops a remark which conveys a useful hint to those over-cautious people who will take no step in life till they have "taken a bond of fate, and made assurance doubly sure." If a man, says he, should consider the nicety of the passage of a piece of bread down his throat, he would starve.

☞ Secret kindnesses done to mankind are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable. To be invisibly good is as God-like as to be invisibly evil is diabolical.

☞ Lord Caernarvon defined "timber" as "an excrescence on the face of the earth, placed there by Providence for the payment of debts."

☞ Bishop Burnet's absence of mind is well known. Dining with the Duchess of Marlboro', after her husband's disgrace, he compared this great General to Belisarius.

"But," said the Duchess, eagerly, "how came it that such a man was so miserable, and universally deserted?"

"Oh! madam!" exclaimed the forgetful prelate, "he had such a brimstone of a wife!"

☞ The Albany Argus states that on Monday week, the barometer in that city reached a lower point than has been known for the last ten years.

☞ The Boston Atlas says:—"When we were in Washington, a few days ago, a distinguished Southern gentleman said that he would be in favor of amending the Fugitive Slave Law, so as to hang any man who should be found guilty of getting a free man into slavery."

☞ As Jonah's gourd—having done him no service in the night, when he needed it not—withered in the *morning*, when he hoped for most benefit by it against the ensuing heat of the day; so the blessings of this world frequently wither at such times as we looked to find the most freshness in and refreshment from them.

☞ The phrase "wise and masterly inactivity" is traced from Calhoun to Randolph, and thence through Sir James Mackintosh back to Demosthenes.

☞ If in a dark business we perceive God to guide us by the lantern of His Providence, it is good to follow the light close, lest we lose it by lagging behind.

☞ A great improvement in the manufacture of watches has just been made in Geneva, by which watch keys are rendered unnecessary. By simply turning a screw in the handle, the watch is wound up, and another movement regulates the hands.

☞ Cupid's bow, the Asiatics say, is strung with bees, which are apt to sting, sometimes fatally, those who meddle with it. Yet who wouldn't occasionally writhe with pain, rather than know nothing of life's most exquisite pleasures?

☞ It is worthy of observation that the Latin word for *miserable* has been applied to designate an individual who possesses, but cannot enjoy. And well may he be called a *miser*, for of all men, he is the most mean, and abject, and comfortless.

New Publications.

NEW BOOKS.

The following books and periodicals are on our table. The greater portion of them will probably be noticed more at length, next week.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHTS AND OPINIONS. By William Von Humboldt, Minister of State to the King of Prussia. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols. For sale by Geo. S. Appleton.

THE LITTLE MESSENGER BIRDS; OR, THE CHIMES OF THE SILVER BELLS. By Mrs. C. H. Butler. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. This has been already noticed, from another bookseller.

THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE; A Sequel to Home Influence. By Grace Aguilar, author of "The Vale of Cedars," &c., &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co., No. 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, No. 164 Chesnut Street.

THE LADDER OF GOLD. An English Story. By Robert Bell, author of "Wayside Pictures through France, Belgium and Holland." New York: W. F. Burgess, No. 22 Ann Street.

OLIVE. A Novel. By the author of "The Ogilvies." New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.

PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. By Benson J. Lossing. Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.

EVERY-BODY'S ALMANAC AND DIARY FOR 1851. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, No. 164 Chesnut Street.

THE SOUTHERN LADY'S COMPANION FOR DECEMBER. Rev. M. M. Henkle, D. D., Editor. Nashville, Tenn.

THE PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL OF PRISON DISCIPLINE AND PHILANTHROPY. Published quarterly. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle, South-West corner of Fifth and Minor Streets.

THE DECLINE OF PROTESTANTISM, AND ITS CAUSE. A Lecture delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Sunday evening, November 10th, 1850. By the Most Rev. John Hughes, D. D., Archbishop of New York. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother, No. 151 Fulton Street.

A LECTURE; Delivered in the Musical Fund Hall, on Monday evening, December 23rd, 1850, on the Jesuits. By the Rev. Joseph F. Berg, D. D., Pastor of the First Reformed Church, Race Street. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut Street.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MOYAMENSING UNION SCHOOL, AND CHILDREN'S HOME. Philadelphia: Printed by Wm. F. Geddes, No. 112 Chesnut Street.

HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE.

We have received Holden's Magazine for January. It contains some good and interesting articles, original and selected. The editor thus gives his experience of Gymnastics—we quote his words for the sake, mainly, of city readers; our country friends, probably, have enough of a better kind of exercise:

GYMNASTICS.

Three years ago last summer, the writer of this article was a miserable invalid. He was pale, thin, dyspeptic, desponding, and generally uncomfortable to himself and his friends. His chest was sunken, his posture stooping, and his gait listless. This unfortunate state of things was induced by a sedentary life and too close application to books and the writing-desk. Six weeks of out-of-door exercise in the country wrought some improvement, and if it could by possibility have been continued, might have restored vigor; but writing and study must be resumed, and it was a problem how at the same time to recover and retain health. In this emergency, the advantages of the Gymnasium were set forth to me, and I was led to join one. I spent about one hour of each day in the exercises, and followed them with a bath. They consist in ascending a ladder with the hands in different ways, pulling and raising weights, turning the body in rings suspended from the ceiling, throwing the body along parallel bars, and by a variety of methods, carrying out the fundamental plan of bringing into full and thorough play and severe tension each of the two hundred and fifty-seven pairs of muscles in the body. At the same time I was practising myself more or less, though with no great regularity, in the "breathing exercises," recommended by the vocalist Russell and the physician Fitch.*

My muscular strength began to increase immediately, and so steadily, that for months scarcely a day passed that I did not accomplish some feat impossible to be done the day before. Digestion improved in the same ratio, and soon became perfect. The rich color of health came to my cheek, and elasticity to my step. My weight also increased. When I commenced, it was only one hundred and thirty-seven pounds. At the end of three months, it was *one hundred and sixty*. In one fortnight I gained twelve pounds, or one each day, "Sundays excepted," and really it was an exhilirating pleasure to bring down the scales to the time of one additional pound at every visit. (I made a present to my landlady in consideration of this circumstance.) In less than a year my chest had increased in size, by actual measurement, nearly *five* inches.

The difference in the amount of literary labor that I was able to accomplish during the first winter's attendance at the Gymnasium, as compared with the previous one, was remarkable.—Previously, I was exhausted by ninety minutes of continuous writing, but now I could, and have composed for *ten* hours, with scarcely an interruption to the motion of my pen. My gymnastics cost *time*—nearly two hours of solid time out of the business part of the day; but I found it good economy to spend them in this way, as I could accomplish as much in eight hours as before in twelve. And, more than this, my "animal spirits" became so exuberant. Joy and hope took the place of gloom and despondency. Existence itself—the mere consciousness of being—was a delight—a luxury, and I felt, when walking, an almost incessant impulse to *bound*, from the simple excitement of perfect health. And only six months before, life had been a burden; with sluggish step I had dragged myself about, while a settled foreboding of evil lay cold at my heart.

During the past three years, the usual course of perfect health has been interrupted only when I have neglected the Gymnasium, and by one slight attack of a contagious disease. My experience is not an isolated one. I could multiply instances of the most striking restoration of health, of elasticity of mind, and removal of nervous debility consequent upon faithful attendance at the Gymnasium.

I recall now the case of an acquaintance who had been attacked with bleeding at the lungs, and was about going South as a *dernier ressort*. He was persuaded to try the Gymnasium, and though considered a confirmed consumptive, he went to work, improved daily, and at the last account stood as fair a chance for good lungs and a long life as any of us. I would also refer to the case of a lady-friend who was suffering from general debility, and moreover was subject to sudden *faintings*, about which there was no affectation. With scarcely a second's warning, and without apparent cause, she would become completely unconscious. These increased in frequency, until she and her friends were thoroughly alarmed, but could find no remedy. She was at last persuaded to attend the Gymnasium, and came to New York for the purpose. In a few weeks the faintings ceased altogether, and in three months her health was so improved, that she surpassed most ladies in vigorous appearance, and in muscular and mental elasticity.

We would advise those who are induced by the above to try Gymnastics, to use the exercise, especially at first, with great moderation. We are inclined to believe that about as many persons (especially young people) are injured as strengthened by a resort to the Gymnasium, from over-tasking their strength and endurance. And yet, gymnastic exercises, pursued with reason and moderation, may result in very great benefit.

MEMORANDA OF THE LIFE OF JENNY LIND. By N. PARKER WILLIS. Philadelphia: Robert E. Peterson, N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch streets.

These memoranda of the charming singer comprise all that can be collected of her eventful life, from the time when she was a poor little neglected girl in Stockholm, up to her present splendid position, the object probably of more homage and flattery than any other woman in the world. The particulars of such unprecedented success are necessarily interesting, and they have here an able chronicler. In performing his task, Mr. Willis has availed himself of a number of his own articles in the Home Journal, written in the first flush of enthusiasm that greeted Jenny's arrival, when the impulsive New Yorkers, one and all, threw themselves into the whirling current of this last new excitement, and each strove to outdo the other in extravagant eulogy. These first impressions of course have the charm of freshness and vividness. Altogether, we commend the book as one that will satisfy the curiosity of those who want to know all about Jenny Lind. A well-engraved portrait of Jenny in "La Sonnambula," adds to the attractiveness of the work.

THE DIOSMA, A PERENNIAL. By Miss H. F. GOULD. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This is a collection of poems, many of them by the gifted editor herself, others anonymous, yet good enough to be very pleasant reading; and others again by poets of wide-spread popularity, such as Barry Cornwall, Leigh Hunt, C. Swain, T. H. Bailey, and many others, making altogether a good collection of fugitive poetry, and as the accomplished editor expresses it, "a pleasant and wholesome presentation to those who may choose a flower as well for its intrinsic virtues, as for its outward beauty."

HISTORY OF MY PETS. By GRACE GREENWOOD. With Engravings from Designs by Billings. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. For sale by Willis P. Hazard, 178 Chesnut street.

Here is just the sort of book that children love best—*true stories* of pet animals, told with a simple earnestness, and a rich mingling of fun and pathos, which will make the little folks laugh and cry by turns. They know very well what is good, but it is rare, indeed, to see such an entertainment as this set before them, for the best writers seldom condescend to employ their talents for the amusement of children. We will give a list of the pets, of which there is quite a variety: Keturah the Cat, Sam the Cockerel, Toby the Hawk, Milly the Pony, and Carlo the Dog, Cora the Spaniel, Jack the Drake, Hector the Greyhound, (which we copy on the fourth page of this week's paper,) Bob the Cosset, Robin Redbreast and Tom. In these histories, of course, the heroine and her brothers and sisters come in for a large share of our interest; and they are a family whose sayings and doings afford material for much picturesque grouping of characters and incidents. The illustrations are exceedingly captivating—designed with life and grace; and the little girl that figures prominently in all of them has a face of the spirited and handsome type, and a form of that elastic vigor that we should fancy belonged to the actor in these stories. The personal friends of the writer will read them eagerly as glimpses of the childhood of genius; and we are mistaken if the free, brave, genial spirit, and winning impulsiveness of character, which they involuntarily betray, does not steal into more hearts than the little ones whose favor she solicits.

COUSIN HATTY'S HYMNS AND TWILIGHT STORIES. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols.

Here is a book that will just take the fancy of some nice little girl. It is bound in red muslin, with a wreath of roses in gilt, and contains an abundance of pretty pictures, and quite a variety of pleasant rhymes for children. For sale by Geo. S. Appleton, 164 Chesnut street, Phila.

Miscellaneous.

MICROSCOPE VS. TELESCOPE.

BY DR. CHALMERS.

[Chalmers's positions are always marked by ingenuity, a novelty which is the rarest charm of a preacher. The Astronomical Discourses appeal to a subtle form of infidelity, which he first defined and met. This illustration shows his vein in extracting a new and powerful argument from familiar means. The thought has crossed the mind of most persons like a dark shadow, of the utter insignificance of man on the earth, as compared with the probable destiny of the larger material universe; and hence a specious form of infidelity—the argumentum ad hominem of unbelief. Chalmers meets this by a survey of the lesser beings below, by pleading the Microscope against the Telescope.]

It was the telescope that, by piercing the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds, put infidelity in possession of the argument against which we are now contending. But about the time of its invention, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man with a discovery which serves to neutralize the whole of this argument. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may lie fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may lie a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might there see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all His attributes, where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of His glory. * * * *

They, therefore, who think that God will not put forth such a power, and such a goodness, and such a condescension in behalf of this world, as are ascribed to Him in the New Testament, because He has so many other worlds to attend to, think of Him as a man. They confine their view to the informations of the telescope, and forget altogether the informations of the other instrument. They only find room in their minds for His one attribute of a large and general superintendence, and keep out of their remembrance the equally impressive proofs we have of His other attribute of a minute and multiplied attention to all that diversity of operations, where it is He that worketh all in all. And when I think, that as one of the instruments of philosophy has heightened our every impression of the first of these attributes, so another instrument has no less heightened our impression of the second of them—then I can no longer resist the conclusion, that it would be a transgression of sound argument, as well as a daring impiety, to draw a limit around the doings of this unsearchable God; and should a professed revelation from heaven tell me of an act of condescension, in behalf of some separate world, so wonderful that angels desired to look into it, and the eternal Son had to move from His seat of glory to carry it into accomplishment, all I ask is the evidence of such a revelation—for, let it tell me as much as it may of God letting Himself down for the benefit of one single province of His dominions this is no more than what I see lying scattered in numberless examples before me, and running through the whole line of my recollections, and meeting me in every walk of observation to which I can betake myself; and now that the microscope has unveiled the wonders of another region, I see strewed around me, with a profusion which baffles my every attempt to comprehend it, the evidence that there is no one portion of the universe of God too minute for His notice, or too humble for the visitations of His care.

ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

When New England was first planted, the settlers met with many difficulties and hardships, as is necessarily the case when a civilized people attempt to establish themselves in a wilderness country. Being piously disposed, they sought relief from Heaven, by laying their wants and distresses before the Lord in frequent set days of fasting and prayer. Constant meditation and discourse on the subject of their difficulties, kept their minds gloomy and discontented, and, like the children of Israel, there were many disposed to return to the land which persecution had determined them to abandon.

At length, when it was proposed in the Assembly to proclaim another fast, a farmer, of plain sense, rose and remarked that the inconveniences that they suffered, and concerning which they had so often wearied Heaven with their complaints, were not so great as might have been expected, and were diminished every day as the colony strengthened; that the earth began to reward their labors, and to furnish liberally for their sustenance; that the seas and rivers were full of fish, the air sweet, the climate wholesome; above all, they were in the full enjoyment of liberty, civil and religious. He therefore thought the reflecting and conversing on these subjects would be more comfortable, as tending to make them more contented with their situation, and that it would be more becoming the gratitude they owed to the Divine Being, if, instead of a fast, they should proclaim a Thanksgiving. His advice was taken; and, from that time to this, they have in every year observed circumstances of public happiness to furnish employment for a Thanksgiving Day.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.—For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased which use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the men what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some levelling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others.—*R. W. Emerson.*

☞ NAVIGATION OF THE OHIO.—A number of the most substantial mercantile firms in Cincinnati have addressed a communication to the Mayor, advising a call of a public meeting of the citizens, with a view to second the efforts of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, in the U. S. Senate, for constructing certain improvements at the Falls of the Ohio.

DRIESBACH AND HIS TIGER ON A STEAMBOAT.

On Wednesday last, Herr Driesbach, the celebrated tamer of wild beasts, received at Zanesville a telegraphic dispatch to come to Cincinnati and bring with him his *pet*—the great Brazilian tiger, one of the most ferocious animals ever tamed. Herr, accordingly, took a double berth on the steamer "Julia Dean," putting down the names on the Clerk's book "Herr Driesbach" first berth, "Col. Alexander" (the name Herr gives the old tiger,) second berth. Herr remarked that the Colonel was a queer old fellow, unaccustomed to "sleeping out," and had, withal, a peculiar fancy—he would sleep on nothing but straw! The chambermaid took away the bed, and replaced it with a full supply of that article. Business, and preparation to start, went on. Just before the last bell, Herr and the tiger made their appearance in the cabin, opposite the state-room door. The Clerk hearing an unusual stir in the cabin, opened his office door, and looking down the cabin, spied the glaring eyes and savage body of His Royal Majesty! He recognized Herr Driesbach, but he did not relish the appearance of *Col. Alexander!* Still he did not feel like ordering the party ashore. He felt a repugnance to that undertaking, and concluded to allow things to take their wonted course. Herr unlocked his state-room door, and His Majesty, at a bound, was on his straw bed.

After a little time spent in arranging the state-room, Herr satisfied the Clerk and others that his pet was entirely under his command, and intimated to the bar-keeper that a bottle of brandy would be relished by His Royal Highness, (or himself,) which was brought into the state-room by the trembling waiter, who had forgotten to bring with the liquor the requisite accompaniment—pure water. As a punishment, Herr told the tiger to "take the corner," which he did, and stepping quickly out, Herr locked the astonished boatman in, while he went for the water! The man was so frightened that he spoke not, neither did he move till Herr returned and stated to him that he need have no fears, as the tiger would keep his place until *he* ordered him to rise. When night came, Driesbach locked his state-room, bid his majesty good night, and *went to bed in the upper berth*, and the "happy couple" had a good and peaceful night's rest. On arriving at our wharf, Col. Alexander showed his approbation of the boat by giving two or three growls, interpreted as approbatory by Herr, and the party sought a hack, which when found happened to be driven by a son of the Emerald Isle. At first sight the driver utterly refused to take the "baste," but was perfectly willing that Driesbach should be accommodated. His fears were allayed, however, by the tiger jumping inside, and he drove to the Dennisson House; but Dennisson resolutely refused to allow His Royal Majesty to take rooms at his hotel, and Driesbach was obliged to take rooms for his friend at Wood's Museum, while he returned to Dennisson's, the nearest and best place he could find. We presume that such an instance of travel has never before been recorded.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

MARVELLOUS.

A French *savant*, at Dijon, went one night quite exhausted to bed, after long and vain efforts to make out the sense of a passage in a Greek poet. On falling asleep, he seemed to himself to be transported in spirit to Stockholm, where he was conducted into the palace of Queen Cristian, ushered into the royal library and placed before a compartment in which he distinguished a small volume that bore a title new to him. He opened the volume, and found in it the solution of the grammatical difficulty which had so perplexed him. The joy which he felt at this discovery awakened him; he struck a light and made a memorandum of what he had seen in his dream. The dark passage he now found perfectly cleared up. The adventure, however, was too strange to suffer him to rest satisfied without taking some steps to ascertain how far the impressions of his nocturnal journal corresponded with the reality. Descartes was at that time at Stockholm, and our *savant* wrote to Chanut, the French Ambassador to the Swedish Court, with whom he was acquainted, requesting him to ask the philosopher whether the royal library had such and such peculiarities, (which he described,) and whether, in a certain volume of such a size and form, was not to be found, on such and such a page of which stood ten Greek verses, a copy of which the *savant* subjoined. Descartes answered the Ambassador that unless the querist had been in the habit of visiting the library for the last twenty years he could scarcely have described its arrangement more accurately; the compartment, the volume, the ten Greek verses, all tallied exactly with the description! A counterpart to this story is related to Wangenheim.

The son of a Wirtemburg jurist was studying at Gottingen, and having occasion for a book which he could not find in the library there, and which he remembered to have seen at home, wrote to request his father to send him the same. The father searched his library for the book in vain; it was not to be found, and he wrote to his son to this effect. Some time after, as he was at work in his library, and rose from his seat to replace a book which he had done with on its shelf, he beheld his son standing not far from him, and in the act, as it seemed, of reaching down a book, which stood at a considerable height, and on which the outstretched hand of the figure was already laid. "My son!" cried the astonished father, "how came you here?" As he spoke the apparition vanished. The father, whose presence of mind was not disturbed immediately took down the book on which the hand of the figure had seemed to be laid, and, behold, it was the very one his son had written for. He sent it by that day's post to Gottingen, but soon after received a letter from his son, written on the very morning on which he had seen the apparition, and stating the exact spot where the writer was confident the book was to be found. It is unnecessary to say that it was the very spot which the apparition had already indicated.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.—I have always rather tried to escape the acquaintance and conversation of authors. An author talking of his own works, or censuring those of others, is to me a dose of Ipecachuana. I like only a few, who can in company forget their authorship, and remember plain sense.

The conversation of artists is still worse.—Vanity and envy are the main ingredients. One detests vanity because it shocks one's own vanity.

Had I listened to the censure of artists, there is not a good piece in my collection. One blames one part of a picture, another attacks another.—Sir Joshua is one of the most candid; yet he blamed the stiff drapery of my Henry VII. in the state bedchamber; as if good drapery could be expected in that age of painting.—*Horace Walpole.*

SAUSAGE POISON.—German sausages are formed of blood, brains, liver, bacon, milk, flour, and bread, thrust with salt and spice into a bladder or intestine, then boiled, and finally smoked. When this last drying process is not efficiently performed, the sausages ferment; they grow soft, and slightly pale in the middle; and in this state they occasion in the bodies of those who eat them a series of remarkable changes, followed by death. The blood and the muscles of a sausage-poisoned man gradually waste; as also do all the other organs and tissues susceptible of putrefaction. The patient suffers a horrible sensation of *drying up*, his saliva becomes viscous, his frame shrinks to the condition of a mummy; he then dies, and his corpse, which is stiff, as if frozen, contains only fat, tendons, bones, and a few other substances incapable of putrifying in the ordinary conditions of the body.—*Quarterly Review.*

POWER OF INFINITESIMAL QUANTITIES.—There are facts and analogies tending to show that a peculiar state of activity may enable infinitesimal quantities of matter powerfully to affect the senses and the health. We eat animalcule by millions in the bloom of a plum, we also inhale them by millions (as Ehrenberg has shown,) at every breath, and they neither affect our senses nor do us appreciable harm. Yet there is an animalcule which haunts cascades, sticking by its tail to the rocks or stones over which the water rushes, and which, when put into a vial with above a million times its weight of water, infects the whole mass with a putrid odor so strong as to be offensive at several yards' distance; and this not once, but several times a day, if the water be changed so often.—*Quarterly Review.*

INCREASE OF CRIME.—The serious fact revealed by statistics is this:—Crime is increasing in Great Britain in a ratio greater than is warranted by the increase of population. During the last six years, crime has increased 12 per cent., while the population has increased only about 7 per cent. Theft is the species of crime in which the increase has been greatest. The most deplorable fact of all is, that the proportion of female criminals is steadily on the increase; as if female demoralization were one of the marked features of the age.

☞ A squirrel, sitting on a hickory tree was once observed to weigh the nuts he got, in each paw, to find out which were good and which were bad. The light ones he invariably threw away, retaining only those which were heavier. It was found, on examining those he had thrown away, that he had not made a mistake in a single instance. They were all bad nuts.—*Woodworth's Stories about Animals.*

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* These consist in inhaling pure air steadily and deliberately until every air-vessel of the lungs is filled to its utmost capacity, and then expiring it as slowly as possible, taking care at the same time not to use the chest as a bellows, but to keep it out true and full, and supplying the vacuum caused by the expiration by raising the diaphragm. Many perform the exercise with the assistance of a tube made for the purpose. I did not use one, but gained the object by contracting the muscles of the throat, in which there is the additional advantage of strengthening the vocal organs. This is the course recommended by Russell. A goose quill cut at both ends makes as good a tube as any, only it does not quite enough to be fashionable. In commencing these breathings almost every one is made faint; but this effect is soon overcome. Their power to increase the capacity of the lungs is truly wonderful.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

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DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

ALMANAC FOR 1851.

FOR THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MONTHS.	Sunday, 1st day.	Monday, 2d day.	Tuesday, 3d day.	Wednesday, 4th day.	Thursday, 5th day.	Friday, 6th day.	Saturday, 7th day.
January, 1st Month.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
February, 2d Month.							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	
March, 3d Month.							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
April, 4th Month.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
May, 5th Month.					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
June, 6th Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
July, 7th Month.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
August, 8th Month.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
September, 9th Month.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
October, 10th Month.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
November, 11th Month.							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30						
December, 12th Month.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			

The Dominical Letter for the year 1851 is E.

Of the Solar and Lunar Eclipses this year, there will be visible here a partial Eclipse of the Moon, on Sunday, 13th July, at 2 o'clock [illegible] minutes in the morning, and a [illegible] Eclipse of the Sun on Monday, 28th July, at 9 o'clock 33 minutes in the morning. The Sun will be nearly [illegible] digits eclipsed on the North part.

By doubling the time of the Sun's rising, it will give the length of the night, and by doubling the time of the Sun's setting, it will give the length of the day, at any time of the year.

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 23rd, Mr. Dawson appeared in his seat.

Mr. Clay presented petitions praying for the modification of the Tariff of 1846. He detailed the grievances of which the petitioners complained, and said that, as there was now a calm upon the lately disturbed surface of public affairs, which calm he hoped was a real one, he thought that Congress should take up the Tariff, and consider it in a kind, liberal, and national spirit. He did not wish that it should be taken up with a view to alter its essential principle, but to make some provision for the prevention of frauds and abuses. Something should be done. It was no longer doubtful that the fires in the furnaces were daily being extinguished, and the operations of the spindle and loom suspended. Would Congress do anything to suspend this downward tendency? He hoped they would, and that it would be done now, when the subject, which has agitated the country was settled, and settled, he hoped, for ever.

Mr. Benton introduced the bill to relinquish the collection of tolls in the United States stock on the Louisville and Portland Canal, to remit same to boats on which it accrued, to provide for the free navigation of the same. He explained the bill at great length, and it was then referred to the Committee on Roads and Canals.

Notices of several bills were given, and several unimportant resolutions of inquiry offered and agreed to.

Mr. Gwinn moved to take up the Bill to provide for the examination and settlement of titles and claims to land in California. After debate the motion was agreed to—yeas 27, nays 16.

The Bill was introduced at the last session by Mr. Fremont, and after debate and amendment it was laid on the table.

Mr. Gwinn offered a substitute for the whole Bill.

The substitute in substance is as follows:

Section 1 provides for the appointment of three Commissioners, to be appointed by the President and Senate.

Section 2—That all persons claiming land in California, by virtue of any Mexican or Spanish grant, previous to July 7, 1846, shall present the same to the said Commissioners, who shall proceed to examine the same, and decide whether it be valid or invalid, the District Attorney to represent the United States. A Deputy Marshal to be appointed for the board when it is in session.

Section 3.—The Commissioners, in deciding, shall be governed by the treaty of Hidalgo, the laws of nations, usages and customs of the government from which the claim is derived, the decisions of Supreme Courts and law of prescription.

Section 4.—Testimony to be in writing, and be preserved.

Section 5.—Commissioners to be allowed six thousand dollars each, and twenty cents a mile.

Section 6.—A Secretary to be appointed at a salary of $3,000.

Section 7 provides for appeals to the Supreme Court.

Sections 8th, 9th and 10th, provide duties for the Surveyor, after final decision by the Board, and the substitute was agreed to, and then, on motion by Mr. Benton, the Bill was postponed.

The Senate then went into Executive Session, and afterwards adjourned to Thursday.

On the 26th, Mr. Rusk appeared in his seat.

The Chair laid before the Senate a communication from the Interior Department, stating the annual cost to the United States of keeping insane persons of the District of Columbia, in the Lunatic Asylum of Maryland. Ordered to be printed.

Mr. Mangum moved that when the Senate adjourned it adjourn to Monday. He supported his motion as just and proper. Nearly all the speculations on the public domain, and all the enormous encroachments on the Treasury were perpetrated during the thin attendance of the holiday weeks.

Mr. Walker replied, and the question being taken, the motion was lost—yeas 16, nays 20.

Petitions and memorials were presented.

Mr. Seward gave notice of a joint resolution directing executive department in the purchase of steel, to examine the produce of several of American manufactories, and to give them a preference.

Mr. Underwood introduced a Bill providing for a survey of the Ohio River, with a view to improve its navigation.

Mr. Clemens introduced a Bill to change the time for holding the District Court in Alabama, and the same was read a third time and passed.

Mr. Cass called up his resolution asking for copies of correspondence between the State Department and the Austrian Charge, relative to the Hungary resolution. Adopted.

The Bill to settle and determine private land claims in California was taken up.

Mr. Benton said he had examined the Bill, and found that its effect was to violate the treaty with Mexico—to violate the laws of nations—to violate the several proclamations of Commodores Sloat and Stockton. The subject was a very large one; it would despoil all the old inhabitants of California of their land. The subject was one which should demand the attention of a full Senate, and at this time there was barely half the Senate in attendance. He moved the Bill be postponed till Thursday, January 2d. After debate, adopted.

Mr. Clay said, it was evident no business could be done with the present attendance, and he moved an adjournment to Monday. Agreed to.

After a short Executive Session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 23rd, Mr. Raymond asked and obtained leave to introduce a bill giving lands to Virginia to aid certain Railroads therein.

Mr. Richardson rose to make a personal explanation. A letter had been written to the New York Tribune, dated December 18th, from this city, he said, which accused him of having, as Chairman of the Select Committee appointed on the charges against Secretary Ewing, at the last session, suppressed from the published documents a letter from Mr. Ewing, vindicating himself from certain of the charges. This, the writer says, if done by Mr. Richardson, ought to cause his expulsion. If Mr. Ritchie, the printer, did it, he should be punished for contempt.

Mr. Richardson reviewed the letter, and pronounced it, from the beginning to the end, an unmitigated falsehood; and coming from such a correspondent, should appear in such a paper. All recollected the editor of that print as a member of this House; and, with his correspondent, a fellow feeling made them wondrous kind.

The bill prescribing the mode of taking testimony in cases of contested elections, was debated, and finally the bill was passed.

Mr. McDowell moved that when the House adjourned to-day it be till Thursday.

Mr. Wentworth inquired whether it would not be more characteristic in the members to take also the day after Christmas. [Laughter.]

Mr. Jones—We can take that too, very well; some will get drunk. [Laughter.]

The motion was agreed to—yeas 92, nays 83.

Mr. Stanley asked, but did not obtain a suspension of the rules, to offer a resolution giving the use of the Hall to A. Whitney to explain his project for a railroad to the Pacific.

Mr. Caldwell, of Kentucky, asked leave to introduce a joint resolution that nothing in the Bounty Land Act of September last, shall be construed to prevent sale and transfer of certificates or land warrants, prior to location of the same, or issuing of patent.

Mr. Robinson, Chairman of the Select Committee on the subject, said they were ready to report in favor of what had been brought forward by the gentleman.

Pending a motion to suspend the rules to enable Mr. Caldwell to offer his resolution, the House adjourned till Thursday.

On the 26th, Mr. Reed introduced a bill granting lands to Pennsylvania, to aid in the construction of certain railroads therein; and Mr. McMullin introduced a bill making grants of land to the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. Both were referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. McClernard introduced a bill to re-organize and improve the efficiency of the State Department. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Some time was spent in debating a bill, subsequently passed, authorizing the suit of the heirs of General Kosciusko, now pending in the Circuit Court, for the District of Columbia, to be removed to the United States Court for the District of Maryland. The House then adjourned till Monday.

Clippings.

☞ Dr. Turnbull has discovered a remedy for short-sightedness, by the application of an extract of ginger to the forehead, so as to affect the fifth pair of nerves.—*Boston Post.*

☞ To keep eggs from spoiling, eat them while they are fresh. We have tried all kinds of methods, but this we think is the only one to be relied on "in any climate."

☞ "Never," said Southey, writing to his friend Bedford, "shall a child of mine enter a public school or a university. Perhaps I may not be able so well to instruct him in logic or languages, but I can at least preserve him from vice."

☞ Our wretched species is so constituted, says Voltaire, that those who walk in the beaten path, are always throwing stones at those who are recommending new ones.

☞ Bachelors do not appear to have been looked upon with favor in the "olden time." In 1695 the town of Eastham passed an order, that every unmarried man in the township should kill six blackbirds or three crows while he remains single; as a penalty for not doing it, should not be married till he obeyed the order.—*Yarmouth Register.*

☞ Every man ought to aim at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself.

☞ For my part, I seem to have learnt that the only thing to regenerate the world is not more of any system, good or bad, but simply more of the Spirit of God.—*Alton Locke.*

☞ Sheridan celebrates the felicity of army husbands—a man who "may wed you to-day and be sent the Lord knows where before night; then in a twelvemonth, perhaps, come home like a Colossus, with one leg at New York and the other at Chelsea Hospital."

☞ Chicken Pie Poison.—Several cases of families having been poisoned by eating chicken pie have been mentioned in the papers, and it is suggested by the New York Sun that when chickens, after being cooked, are left to stand for any length of time covered closely, they breed a kind of poison; and also that, in the case of pies, it is necessary always to cut a hole through the crust to let in the air, and when cooked in any other way, it is necessary to leave them sufficiently open to allow free access to the air.

☞ The Two Napoleons.—Fonblanque, in "The Examiner," says:

"There is little difference between the uncle and the nephew—one gained the hearts of the army by his *Campaigns*, and the other by his *Champagne*: for Napoleon's *battles*, Louis substitutes *bottles*."

☞ It takes a good deal of time to eat or to sleep, or to earn a hundred dollars, and a very little time to entertain a hope and an insight which becomes the light of our life.

☞ Horseback Riding in Madeira.—The Hon. John A. Dix, in his recent work, "A Winter in Madeira," gives an amusing account of horseback riding at Funchal. For 30 cents an hour a fine horse can be hired at any livery stable, together with a man as attendant, who follows on foot; and when you desire to ride fast he catches hold of your horse's tail and is drawn along. In this way he prevents you from running away from him. Mr. Dix says that the horses soon become accustomed to these human appendages, and that the fellows have a way of making the horse go fast or slow, as they desire, in spite of the rider.

☞ Geography for Young Ladies.—"Where's Hatcham?" inquired a young lady, upon meeting with the name of that town in a newspaper.—"Why you stupid!" indignantly exclaimed her brother, "Hatcham is the first stage after Egham to be sure," and the young lady believed it.—*Punch.*

☞ A little girl recently described a butcher, as "the man who wears his shirt outside."

☞ A Hint to Preachers.—Mr. Wesley, in a letter to one of his preachers, says: "Scream no more at the peril of your soul. God warns you by me, whom He has set over you. Speak as earnest as you can, but do not scream. Speak with all your heart, but with a moderate voice."

☞ Hood was the parent of that unconscious remark of the child of a drunkard who was said to take after his father. "Ah, father leaves nothing afterwards to take."

☞ John Adams, in his Diary, states, as a curious fact, that out of eight prominent members of the Boston bar in 1765, with whom he happened to be one evening discussing the encroachments of England upon the Colonies, only one, Adams himself, lived through the Revolution, as an advocate of American independence. Five adhered to Great Britain; Gridley, Auchmuty, Fitch, Kent, and Hutchinson. Thatcher died in 1765, and Otis became incapacitated in 1771.

☞ Matches are made in heaven. Yes, was the reply, and they are sometimes dipped in the other place.

☞ The wife of the late Prof. John W. Webster has been presented with a fine house in Ash Street, Boston, which she will in future occupy with her daughters.

☞ Father Mathew.—This venerated apostle of temperance is preaching and lecturing on temperance at Pensacola. Great numbers were taking the pledge.

☞ An analysis of air taken from jars which had been buried for seventeen centuries in the ruins of Pompeii, was found to be, atom for atom, identical with the air we breathe.

☞ It is said that in 1853, when the next Presidential term begins, Mr. Clay will be 76, Daniel Webster 71, Mr. Benton 71, and Gen. Scott 69. Mr. Buchanan being a bachelor, it is not thought proper to allude to his years.

☞ A London letter states that upwards of four thousand houses have been taken and fitted up by enterprising upholsterers and others, to be sub-let during the progress of the World's Fair.

☞ It was Chapman, the Philadelphia surgeon, who rang the bell and said that good thing at the expense of Norton, the player on the trumpet, who, with his back to the chimney, was spreading himself, and covering the hearth to the exclusion of the company—"Waiter, I say, take that blower from the fire."

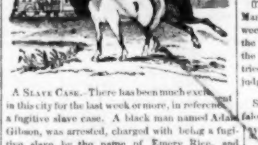
☞ Charles James Fox.—What a man Fox is! After his long exhausting speech on Hasting's trial, he was seen handing ladies into their coaches with all the gayety and prattle of an idle gallant.—*Walpole.*

☞ The editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer says that he saw three ladies going through the street, the other day, each having a segar in her mouth. The ladies are certainly "progressing" very rapidly.

☞ The Man who don't want to be Mean.—In one of the back towns of a neighboring State, where it is the custom for the district school teacher to "board round," the following incident occurred, and is vouched for by the highest authority. A year or two ago an allotment being made in the usual manner for the benefit of the school mistress, it happened that the proportion of one man was just two days and a *half*. The teacher sat down to dinner on the third day, and was beginning to eat, when the man of the house addressed her as follows:—"Madam, I suppose your boarding time is out when you have eat half a dinner, but I don't want to be mean about it, you may eat, if you choose, about as much as usual!"—*Burlington Sentinel.*

☞ Curious Charge of a Judge.—An article in Blackwood's Magazine, on Modern State Trials, contains the following anecdote:—"Mr. Fletcher, a Judge, in Ireland, in the year 1812, thus addressed an Irish jury in a trial for murder, occasioned by a duel:—'Gentlemen, it is my business to lay down the law to you, and I shall do so. Where two people go out to fight a duel, and one of them falls, the law says it is murder. And I tell you, by law, it is murder; but, at the same time, *a fairer duel I never heard of in the whole course of my life*.' The prisoners were, of course, immediately acquitted."

General News.



A Slave Case.—There has been much excitement in this city for the last week or more, in reference to a fugitive slave case. A black man named Adam Gibson, was arrested, charged with being a fugitive slave by the name of Emery Rice, and taken before the lately appointed United States Commissioner, Ingraham, for examination. The testimony before the Commissioner that he was the said Emery Rice, was very insufficient and unsatisfactory, while two witnesses swore positively that the true name of the prisoner was Adam Gibson, and that he was not a fugitive from slavery. Notwithstanding this, Commissioner Ingraham refused even an "hour's" delay for the purpose of procuring additional and still more satisfactory testimony, but declared *he* was "satisfied" that Gibson was Emery Rice, and the fugitive slave of Mr. W. Knight, of Elkton, Md. Gibson accordingly was given up to the claimants (alleged agents of Mr. Knight,) and, as the fear of a rescue was sworn to, conveyed by the Deputy Marshal and three of his police to Elkton, Md.

But, no sooner had Mr. Price, of Elkton, beheld Gibson, than he declared that he was not his slave—that Emery Rice was a different looking, and much older person, and refused, with the spirit of a gentleman and an honest man, to have anything to do with him. Gibson therefore was immediately brought back, and restored to his wife and children.

The inferior agents in this business have been arrested, and the conduct of Mr. Ingraham universally censured.

Trial of the Cuba Expeditionist.—The leading participants in the Cuban Expedition were arraigned before the United States Circuit Court at New Orleans, on Monday, the 16th ult. The following appeared in answer to their names: General Narcisco Lopez, Col. Theodore O'Hara, Colonel John Picket, Major Thomas J. Hawkins, Colonel W. H. Bell, Captain A. J. Lewis, Col. Robert Wheate, General John Henderson, L. J. Sigur, Esq., Gen. Gonzales, and General D. Augustin. Those who did not appear were Gov. Quitman, John O'Sullivan, Major Bunch, Peter Smith, and N. D. Haden. General Lopez plead an abatement to the indictment, on the ground that the Grand Jury had been illegally drawn and impanneled; as did also Messrs. Sigur and Augustin. The others put in the plea of not guilty.

Gen. Henderson requested an immediate trial, but Judge McCaleb postponed the consideration of that point, as well as of the pleas in abatement, until the next day, when they could be argued, and he would determine whether he should await the attendance of the Circuit Judge. Mr. Hunt for the defendants. A Washington letter in the New York Journal of Commerce says:

The Government has information concerning Gov. Quitman's participation in the late Cuban invasion, which will be sufficient to convict him, or a dozen men, ten times over, of the charge brought against him. The Federal Executive is determined, it is said, that he shall be brought to trial under the law. But Gov. Quitman will resist the process while he remains Governor. Should Judge Gholson decide that Quitman is answerable to the process, the Marshal of Mississippi will arrest him, and take him to Louisiana. If not, the United States Marshal of Louisiana will be instructed to serve the process upon him, and he will be supported by the whole power of the United States.

Strange Case.—A correspondent, writing from Bel Air, Maryland on the 24th ult., says:—

"One of the most extraordinary occurrences that have disturbed this part of the world for the past half century, took place to-day. Sometime ago the body of a man, named Hammond, was found near here, bearing evidence that he had been murdered. Suspicion was fixed upon two persons, named Stump and Griffith, as the persons who committed the bloody deed, and they were accordingly arrested, and duly indicted, Stump for being the principal, and Griffith as being an accomplice.

"Stump's trial came on a few days since, and he was acquitted, the jury thinking the testimony against him not sufficient, and it coming out on the trial that Hammond had seduced his sister.

"Griffith, the accomplice, was next on trial, and the court have been occupied with it for the past few days. To-day they brought in a verdict of *not guilty*, upon the following singular testimony.

"Stump, having been acquitted of the murder, his evidence was, of course, admissable, and he was called to the stand in behalf of Griffith. Being sworn he was asked. Ques.—Do you know anything of the murder of Hammond? Ans.—Yes. Ques.—Do you know who killed him? Ans.—Yes. Ques.—Who was it? Ans.—*I did it, myself.* Ques.—Had Griffith any agency in the act? Ans.—None; and he did not know it, until four hours afterwards! The jury immediately returned a verdict of Not Guilty, against the prisoner, and he was discharged."

Indiana Constitutional Convention.—This Convention, at the last dates, had reconsidered the vote on the section relating to "Woman's Rights." It was then proposed that the real and personal property of married women shall be secured to them under equitable conditions by law—lost, ayes 60, noes 69. It was next proposed that the property of women shall be secured to them against the creditors and legal representatives of the husband—lost, ayes 35, noes 92. The vote was then taken upon the re-passage of the original section—it was rejected, ayes 55, noes 75.

A section was adopted, requiring the laws to be, as far as practicable, free from all technical terms in Latin or other languages than English, provided that this shall not prevent the Legislature from publishing the laws in French and German, if they desired it. This section passed by a vote of 97 to 21.

A new section was proposed, rendering ineligible to the Legislature, any President, Director, Officer or Agent of any Banking, Railroad, or monied corporation, for six months after they have held said office. This section was adopted by a vote of 70 to 57, and ordered to be engrossed by 67 to 57.

The Great Storm.—The storm of Sunday night week visited a wide stretch of country. In New York State it fell in snow at Buffalo, on a level of a foot deep. In the neighborhood of Albany, owing to the wind, it lay from one to four feet deep. This avalanche, of course, completely choked the avenues of communication.—All the railroads, from all quarters, were blocked up. Several factories in Albany had their roofs broken in by the weight of snow. The storm extended as far as Charleston, South; Montreal, North; Halifax, East; and Buffalo, West. The snow in the State of Maine now lies from 25 to 30 inches in depth throughout the whole State. In Portland it lies about 25 inches in depth, and considerably drifted. The cross streets are almost impassable; the principal thoroughfares have been broken through with ox teams and snow ploughs. The mails at the North have all been delayed.

Mineral Riches of Arkansas.—A Mr. Snell, an accomplished chemist and mineralogist, who has lately been exploring the mineralogical treasures of Arkansas, says he found in the interior and mountain regions of the State, abundant indications of mineral and metallic wealth. He collected a large number of specimens of silver, iron, lead, copper and zinc, and he reports having seen indications that some of these metals exist in great quantities, and that veins may be worked with much advantage. He also discovered signs of extensive coal beds, the strata in some places being quite thick, and the quality of the coal is said to be similar to that of Pittsburg, and equal to it in combustibility and calorific power.

Value of Ventilation.—The barque Sultana, which is now discharging a cargo of fruit at Boston, says the Post of that city, presents a remarkable instance of the advantages of ventilating a ship's hold. It is a common thing that fruit from the Mediterranean, has been always subject to more or less damage on the passage, and usually the damage is in proportion to the length of the passage. All this damage, it has been contended, may be prevented by a *proper* ventilation of the hold; and the Sultana is an instance in proof of this position. She is ventilated on Mr. Emerson's plan—her hold is as dry as a ship's room, and her fruit is as free from damage as it was when it was shipped.

Important Discovery.—Faraday, the distinguished chemist, at the last monthly meeting of the Royal Institution, London, announced his discovery that oxygen is magnetic; that this property of the gas is affected by heat, and that he believes the diurnal variation of the magnetic needle to be due to the action of solar heat on this new discovered characteristic of oxygen.

Indiana.—Indiana State, it is now said, will show a population by the present census of over one million two hundred and fifty thousand (1,250,000.) This is immense for so young a State.

Chaplin Bailed.—William L. Chaplin, the slave abductor, who was arrested in Montgomery county, Md., some months ago, and has since been in prison, was released on bail on Thursday. The bail demanded was nineteen thousand dollars. It is said that Gerritt Smith paid five thousand dollars of the bail. This has probably saved Chaplin from the Penitentiary.

☞ An important decision in the New York Manor suit was made at Albany on Tuesday week, by Judge Wright, in the suit brought by the late Attorney General vs. Livingston, to test the validity to the Livingston Manor, which was tried in Columbia County last Spring. He gave judgment in favor of the defendant.

Severe, but Merited.—A cabman in Buffalo, New York, who beat a passenger for not paying $5 for conveying him a short distance, and afterwards compelled him, with the aid of another person, to pay $5 additional, has been convicted of highway robbery, and sentenced for *ten years* to the State Prison.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last [illegible] in this city was 139—adults 52, and children [illegible].

☞ Our diplomatic relations have *not* been suspended with Austria.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Saturday, Dec. 28, 185[illegible]

REMARKS—The inactivity which usually characterises the market at the close of the year, is now apparent in all departments of trade. Cotton is held rather higher, in consequence of the favorable advices from Europe, but the demand continues limited. The stock of Provisions is too small to admit of any heavy transactions, but supplies from the West will soon be coming forward. In Breadstuffs and Groceries there has been but little doing. Exchange on England is firm at 110½a110¾.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been dull and inactive, and the sales for export only reach 1,200 bbls standard brands at $4,62½ per bbl; and 400 bbls extra at $5; for city consumption prices range from $4.75 to 5.50 for common and extra brands. Rye Flour is dull at $3,50. Sales of 600 bbls Corn Meal at $2.75 per bbl.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 29th inst. comprised—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	10,493
do.	half bbls	—
Rye Flour,	bbls	186
Corn Meal,	bbls	318
do.	half bbls	—
do.	hhds	—

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat have been exceedingly small, and there is but little offering; sales of 10a12,000 bushels red at 95ca$1,01, and white at $1,10a1,12½ per bushel—in store at the latter rate. Small sales of Pennsylvania Rye at 70c. Corn has been in demand, and prices have advanced; sales of 30,000 bushels new yellow at 57a60c according to quality, but mostly at the latter rate, and 54 cts for white. Oats are in demand, and prices are fully maintained; sales of Southern at 42, and Pennsylvania at 45c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork, in lots, at $12,50a12.75, and Prime at [illegible] per bbl. Beef is dull. The stock of Bacon is nearly exhausted, and we omit our quotations. Butter ranges from [illegible] to 18 cts. and Cheese from 6¼ to 10c per lb.

AMERICAN FABRICS—Cottons and Woollens are held firmly, in consequence of the high rates of the raw material, but the demand is limited.

BARK—There has been no inquiry for Quercitron Bark and prices have declined. A sale of No. 1 at $31 per ton.

BEESWAX—Is in limited request; small sales of good Yellow at 24a25c per lb cash.

CANDLES—Sales of Sperm in lots at 42a43, and Tallow at 9a10c per lb for dipt and Mould.

COAL—The demand, both for shipment and city use has been quite limited, but prices have undergone no change. There is no Allegheny Bituminous Coal arriving.

COFFEE—The market has been very quiet; small sales of Laguayra and Rio at 10½a11 cts per lb on time.

COPPER—The demand has been limited for both Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal, but prices have undergone no change.

COTTON—The market has been firm in consequence of the favorable advices from Europe, and holders ask [illegible]; but the demand continues limited; sales of 600 bales Upland and New Orleans at 14a15¾c per lb on time.

The receipts and stocks of Cotton at the different ports of the United States to the latest dates have been as follows:

	Receipts.		Stocks.	
	1850.	1849.	1850.	1849.
N. Orleans bales	287,158	284,342	171,969	147,539
Mobile	99,329	113,143	50,544	81,912
Savannah	91,821	99,826	39,960	46,391
Charleston	118,931	121,049	41,301	54,623
Florida	8,015	13,706	1,400	9,526
Texas	3,033	7,390	1,867	1,218
Virginia	1,094	780	900	650
N. Carolina	1,955	2,031	332	600
Other Ports	—	—	30,069	36,220
Total	612,216	641,303	369,334	378,143

TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES—Value of exports of Cotton Wool, and Manufacture of Cotton, from the United States, for the past five years.

1846	Cotton Wool	$42,767,341
	Cotton Manufactures	3,545,481
1847	Cotton Wool	53,415,848
	Cotton Manufactures	4,082,525
1848	Cotton Wool	61,998,294
	Cotton Manufactures	5,718,205
1849	Cotton Wool	66,396,967
	Cotton Manufactures	4,933,129
1850	Cotton Wool	71,984,616
	Cotton Manufactures	4,734,424

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been but little doing; small sales of Soda Ash at 2¼a2½ cts; Cream Tartar at 18a19c, and Quicksilver at $1,11 per lb.

FEATHERS—Are scarce; sales of common and good Western at 30a35c per lb cash and on time.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel continues limited; sales of No. 1 Massachusetts at $10,75a11, No. 2 at $9, and No. 3 at $6,50a6,75 per bbl. Codfish sell in lots at 2¼a2½c per lb.

FRUIT—Bunch Raisins are in good demand at $2 per box, and the smaller pkgs in proportion. Sales of Dried Apples at in lots at $1,25a1,40 and unpared Peaches at $1,87a2,25 per bushel.

GINSENG—Crude continues very scarce; small sales at 40c per lb cash.

GUANO—Is in limited demand at former rates.

HEMP—The market is quiet and no transactions have been reported for some time.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals and no sales this week.

HOPS—The demand has been limited; we quote at [illegible] per lb.

INDIGO—The stock is small, and held for higher prices, but the sales have been unimportant.

LEAD—Prices are firm; a sale of 300 pigs Galena at $4.85 per 100 lbs cash.

LEATHER—There is no change to notice in the market.

LUMBER—The active season is now over, and supplies by water have ceased.

MOLASSES—Market firm. Sales of 300 bbls N. Orleans at [illegible], and some Cuba at [illegible] on time.

NAVAL STORES—Small sales of Spirits of Turpentine at [illegible], new held at [illegible]. Soap Rosin at $1 [illegible], and Pitch at $1.62½ per bbl.

OIL—Fish Oils are in demand at former quotations. Linseed Oil is firmer. Small sales at [illegible]. In Lard Oil no change.

PLASTER—Is in limited demand, and prices have declined. A small sale of Soft at $2.25 per ton.

RICE—The demand is limited. Sales of 200 tcs at 3¼a3½c per lb cash and on time.

SALT—Two cargoes of Rum Key sold at about 25c per bushel, and 700 sacks Ashton's Fine on private terms.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is in fair demand. Sales of 500 bushels at $[illegible], and from wagon at $4,[illegible] per 64 lbs. In Timothy no change. Flaxseed is scarce. Small sales at $1.35a1.37½ per bushel.

SPICES—Market quiet and prices steady.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continues in limited request at former rates. N. E. Rum is steady at 30c. Whiskey is firm; sales of 3a400 bbls at 29½ cts, and hhds at 27½c.

SUGAR—There is no change to notice in the market. The stock is small and prices fair; sales of [illegible] 300 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at [illegible] on time, and 300 boxes Cuba at $6.25a6.75.

TALLOW—Sales of Rendered, in lots, at 7¼a7½c per lb.

TEAS—There is no change to notice in the market.

TOBACCO—The market is firm, but the demand is limited, and the sales confined to small lots, for the supply of the city dealers.

WINES—Market quiet and prices steady.

WOOL—There is a good demand, particularly in the lower grades, and prices tend upward. Sales of 50,000 lbs at 32a40c per lb 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are firm but the scarcity of suitable vessels prevents engagements. Coasters are in limited demand, we quote to Boston $1a1,06¼; Rhode Island $1,50, and to New York $1.50 a1.62 per ton.—*Inquirer.*

NEW YORK MARKETS, DEC. 28.

Ashes moved to the extent of 100 bbls at $5.06 for Pearls and $5.50 for Pots.

The market for Flour is dull and prices are scarcely so firm. The sales are 7,000 bbls at $4.87 for State, $4.93a5 for mixed and good Michigan, and $5.06a5.12 for pure Genesee. Of Canadian 200 barrels sold at $4.87. Southern Flour is steady, with sales 700 bbls at $5.06a5.12.

Rye Flour firm. Sales of 100 bbls at $3,25. In Meal there is no change; 300 bbls superior Jersey sold at $3.18.

Grain—The market is quiet, and unchanged for Wheat. Rye rules easier, with sales of 2,000 bushels at [illegible]. Corn unchanged, and the operations comprise [illegible] for new Southern and Jersey yellow. Oats are firmer. Jersey [illegible]; and River [illegible] Canal [illegible].

Whiskey—The market is firm and 400 bbls Prison sold at [illegible] and [illegible] casks Drudge at [illegible] time.

Provisions—The market is again firmer for Pork and very dull—sales 200 bbls at $11 for Mess, and $[illegible] for Prime.

Beef is held firm, with sales 250 bbls at [illegible] for Mess. 300 tcs Prime Mess sold at $15a[illegible].

Dressed Pigs are in request at better, and purchases are making to a fair extent at 5a5¾c.

Lard dull at 6a7¼c.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, James Clark, P. Locke, and Jos. Button.*

Also, CHAS. S. HALL, for and in Arkansas.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States; assisted by *J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, Jason Taylor, J. Armstrong, W. Ramsey, Doctor Joshua Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws, A. J. Smith.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots

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AN AUDACIOUS THIEF.

The discovery of the most perfectly organized band of brigands, says the Paris correspondent of the London Atlas, which has flourished since the days of Mandrin and Cartouche, has furnished us with plenty of anecdote during the week; the very elegant, well-dressed, well-spoken, moustachioed young gentleman who was the acknowledged chief of the band, being well-known amongst the higher circles, where, until very lately, he shone as one of the most seductive lions of the day. Several most awkward, uncomfortable stories have already come to light concerning the ladies whose trophies, in various shapes, have been found among the hoards brought to light by the vigilance of the police. The journals which he kept of his adventures, the history of the various protectresses whose good graces he had won, and by whose kindness he had obtained the entrance into the most fashionable society of Paris, promises to furnish much amusement to the scandal-mongers for a long time to come. One story, which he tells himself, is interesting to us in a greater degree, perhaps, than any other, from the fair heroine being an English lady, well known in the circle of the Tuileries during the reign of Louis Philippe. Every item is set down in the journal with dates and names in full:—"Jan. 4th. Went to pay my accustomed visit to Madam de S——. Found her vaporish and sentimental as usual. Of course displayed my accustomed aptitude in the art of exhibiting the *parfait amour*, by dint of which, obtained from Madam de S——, under pretence of showing me the portrait of her husband now in England on business, a sight of her jewels and other valuable objects, which she keeps in the second drawer of the secretaire, to the left of the fireplace in her boudoir. While her handkerchief was to her eyes, as, overcome by the delicacy of my sentiments, she wept, I contrived to obtain the impression of the key-hole in the wax I always carried in my pocket. Jan. 9th. Went earlier than usual to Madam de S——, told her of the very suspicious-looking personage I had met coming out of her apartment, and asked her, with great interest, if she could rely upon the honesty of her servants. Jan. 10th. Went to Madam de S—— the moment her kind and tender summons reached me. Found her in hysterics,—all her jewels gone! Diamonds to the value of four thousand pounds carried off. How wonderful! Had never been to the secretaire since she had shown them to me. Bade her hurry to the police, called me her only friend and supporter under this dreadful calamity. Did my best to comfort her, but, according to the report made by old Creeks last night, she overrates the value of the jewels in so impudent a manner, that I can hardly refrain from breaking out into reproaches. It is *I* who have been robbed and swindled." This specimen of the journal of the "Baron des Ardennes," as he has called himself, will give some idea of the rest. Many a fair lady at this moment finds herself recalling her souvenirs with doubt and perplexity, and Carlier has already declared that he cannot go amongst his friends without being absolutely abashed by the inquisitive glances directed towards him.

Alexander Hamilton.—The discerning eye of Washington immediately called him to that post which was infinitely the most important in the administration of the new system. Hamilton was made Secretary of the Treasury; and how he fulfilled the duties of such a place, at such a time, the whole country saw with admiration. He smote the rock of the national resources and the abundant stream of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprang upon its feet.—*Daniel Webster.*

☞ When the sturdy Quaker, William Penn, was introduced to Charles II., he kept on his hat. "Friend Penn," said the good-natured monarch, "it is the custom of this court for only one person to be covered at a time," and then his Majesty took off his hat.

☞ "Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simon, "but I've broken three or four wagons."

Coughs, Colds, Consumption, &c.—It should be remembered that a cough is an evidence that some impurity is lodged in the lungs, which, if not removed, will so irritate those delicate organs as to produce inflammation of the lungs, a disease which we all know is the high road to consumption.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a safe, easy, and certain cure for colds and coughs, because they carry off by the stomach and bowels those morbid humors which, if deposited upon the lungs, are the cause of the above dangerous complaints. A single twenty-five cent box of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills is generally sufficient to make a perfect cure of the most obstinate cold; and at the same time the digestion is improved, and the blood completely purified.

Beware of Counterfeits.—Every dealer should be held responsible for the genuiness of the article offered.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philada.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, *No. 26 South Third Street.*

Philadelphia, January 4, 1851.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	15 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	½ dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna co'nty	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	[illegible] dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Perth Amboy	¼ dis
Farmers and Mech bk N. Brun	uncertain
N Hope Del Bridge	failed
Yard Del Br'ge co	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
Del City bk under 5's	½ dis
Other small	½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	¼ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Cecil bank	½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre de Grace	failed
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	[illegible]
Bk. Corning	10 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Pawtucket bk	failed
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Eagle bk, Bristol	2 dis
Merch. and Man. Providence	failed
Phoenix bk Westerly stolen notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches	1 dis
Far bk & branches	½ dis
Valley bk & branch	1 dis
Ex bk & branches	1 dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So West R R	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Bk of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central bk of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Ruckersville bkg co	—
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	½ dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent bks	½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Bk Norwalk	75 dis
Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent bks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent bks	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Bk East Tenn	10 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bk of St Clair	no sale
Far & Mech bk	4 dis
[illegible]	uncertain
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukee	—
IOWA.	
Miners bank	—

Diseases of the Throat, &c.—*Editorial from McMakin's Courier.*—We invite the attention of ministers and others suffering from or predisposed to affections of the throat, to the card of Dr O. H. Partridge, who has had much experience and success both in diseases of that kind, and also of the glands in general, and of the skin in particular. 11*

ALMANAC.

Jan., 1851.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
4 Saturday	7 22	4 38	3 30	
5 Sunday	7 22	4 38	4 29	D. H. M.
6 Monday	7 21	4 39	5 [illegible]	
7 Tuesday	7 21	4 39	5 49	
8 Wed'day	7 20	4 40	6 31	Last 2 5 30
9 Thursday	7 20	4 40	7 13	New 10 11 12
10 Friday	7 19	4 41	7 56	First 17 11 31
11 Saturday	7 19	4 41	8 41	Full 24 7 3

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Dec 22,	36	42	44
23,	34	35	28
24,	19	21	20
25,	26	32	32
26,	34	38	42
27,	32	39	40
28,	31	36	36

Marriages.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Samuel H. Mantante, to Miss Olivia Moore, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Chas. Brown, Mr. Sylvester Schofield, to Miss Esther [illegible], all of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, at the house of Prof. Pyatt, of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, of Philadelphia, Robert P. Young, of Cape May county, N. Jersey, to Miss Mary A. Reilly, of Wilmington, Delaware. The happy pair were mutes.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. G. I. Miles, Mr. Thomas Bell, to Miss Mary A. Taylor, both of Southwark.

On the 25th ult. by the same, Mr. Franklin D. Romig, to Miss Virginia Taylor.

At Coopertown, N. York, on the 10th ult. Richard Cooper, to Maria Frances, daughter of James Fenimore Cooper.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D. D. William C. Root, to Ellen, daughter of Jas. W. Dyre, Esq.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Geo. D. Miles, Dr. C. D. Gloninger, of Lebanon Pa. to Miss Julia, daughter of the Hon. A. Beaumont, of Wilkesbarre, Pa.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. George F. [illegible], to Miss Sarah Chatham.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. T. R. Taylor, Mr. Joseph A[illegible], to Miss Amy [illegible], all of Camden, N. Jersey.

On the 23d ult. by the same, Mr. Henry T. Thorn, of Camden, to Miss Beulah A. Atkinson, of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. Charles Davis, to Miss Matilda Bennett.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. T. R. Taylor, Mr. [illegible] S. Read, of Philadelphia, to Miss Harriet, daughter of Mr. Thos. Peak, Esq. of Camden, N. J.

On the 19th ultimo, at Green Hill Cottage, near Norristown, by the Rev. Dr. Steel of Abington, John R. Ma[illegible], to Hannah G., daughter of James Steel, Esq.

On the 21st, by the Rev. J. H. Nickels, Mr. William H. Taylor, to Miss Anna R. Reed, both of New Jersey.

On the 24th ult. [illegible], Oscar Holmes, to Miss Louisa [illegible], all of Philadelphia.

Deaths.

On the 31st ult. at [illegible] George [illegible] Tate, formerly of Philadelphia, aged 37 years.

On the 29th ult. Anna, daughter of the late Wm. Coates.

On the 24th ult. William Washington, son of Jonathan and Martha [illegible], aged [illegible] months.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Catharine Farren, aged 91.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. Frances E. wife of James H. McDowell, aged 27 years.

On the 29th ult. Frances A. Stephenson, aged 65.

On the 29th ult. Mr. John Wallace, Sr. aged 61.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Jacob Rout, aged 69 years.

On the 24th ult. John Barnes, Sr. aged 70 years.

On the 24th ultimo, at Cranberry, N. J. Mrs Mary Tees.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Mary Foster, aged 80.

On the 24th ult. Thomas J. Myers, aged 1 year.

On the 24th ultimo, Mary, wife of Matthew Cartwright, aged 30 years.

On the 23d ult. Dr. James E. Franklin, aged 29.

On the 24th ult. Joseph Longstreth, aged 73.

On the 22d ult. Miss Margaret Vanderbilt, aged 52 years.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Jane Scott, aged 75 years.

On the 24th ult. Mr. James Nelson, aged 70.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Baxter, aged 65.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Matilda, relict of the late Wm. A. Worth, of the U. S. Navy.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Elizabeth McClure, aged 51.

On the 22d ult. Sarah Mayer, aged 80 years.

On the 23d ult. at Lumberton, N. J. Mary Ryan, aged 20 years.

On the 24th ult. Susanna McGarvey, aged 18.

On the 25th ult. John Henry, aged 78 years.

On the 24th ult. Samuel, son of Wm and Rebecca Fleck, aged 7 months.

On the 25th ult. Charity Ann, daughter of John J. and Anna Pierson, aged 1 year and 10 months.

On the 23d ult. Miss Sarah R. Moulton, aged 21.

On the 24th ult. John Shakely, aged 3 months.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Christianna Smith, aged 55.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Montgomery, aged 54 years.

OBITUARY.

On Wednesday morning, the 27th of Nov. last, John B. Ryan, aged 50 years, 5 months and 7 days.

The above deceased had been a subscriber to the Post 12 years, and paid for his paper in advance.

Thus died a good man, beloved while living and lamented when dead. He was a kind husband, obedient son and affectionate father, and obliging neighbor and sincere friend—without ostentation. It might be justly said that he was upright, honest and consistent in his dealings. Always ready and willing to give friendly advice. He has left an aged and pious mother and three children to mourn their loss, but they mourn not as those who have no hope. Why should they sorrow since he has exchanged a world of disappointments for a home in Heaven? When asked by his friends if he was willing to die, he said I am perfectly willing to die. It is right he said, for all to die, and that his work was done, his way was clear. A funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Green, to a large and attentive auditory, from Isaiah, 38th chapt., part of the first verse: "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."

Yours, respectfully. WARREN J. REED.

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CONTENTS.

1. Badham and Hussey on the Fungi. *Eclectic Review.*
2. Great Salt Lake City. *Western Christian Advocate.*
3. Southey's Life and Correspondence. *Athenaeum and Examiner.*
4. A Leaf from my Journal in Mexico. *Sharpe's Magazine.*
5. Personal Adventures in Hungary. *Examiner.*
6. Maurice Tiernay. Chap. XVIII. to XX. *Dublin University Magazine.*
7. The French President's Message. *Examiner.*
8. The Rest of the Evil. do.
9. Rights of Inventors. *Spectator.*

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☞ No letter will be taken from the office unless post paid. [illegible]

MISS JANE MILLER would call the attention of purchasers to her STRAW and FANCY MILLINARY Establishment, at 78 North SECOND St. A large assortment of Bonnets, Caps, Children's Hats, Flowers, and a variety of Fancy Articles, which she will sell at the lowest prices, wholesale and retail. Ladies who are disposed to patronize their own sex, are particularly solicited.

N. B.—Bonnets [illegible]. my15-1y

FOR THE GROWTH, EMBELLISHMENT, AND

PRESERVATION OF THE HAIR.

STORRS' CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR, which, for nutritive properties, analogous to those which nature furnishes as the seat of nutrition for the human hair, is unrivalled by any former productions. The process by which nature produces the human hair is so minute, that it would be uninteresting to the great majority of mankind to enter into a lengthened description thereof; medical men alone would be patient enough to attend to the abstruse inquiry. Sufficient, therefore, will it be in this place to observe, that it is by experience only that an adaptation can be obtained to the end required; and that only by a reference to the primary elements of our own composition, by which a compound can be produced, renovating and stimulant, to assist in promoting the benevolent intentions of nature.

STORRS' CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR is distinguished from all other articles for the hair, as not only being merely an invention for accomplishing the purpose usually set forth but is truly a vegetable production. As a restorative its efficiency becomes speedily visible in a renewed growth, where the hair had previously been considered as irretrievably lost. Accelerating and strengthening the hair, it produces and sustains a growth luxuriant and of surpassing lustre. The vigor imparted by the invigorator prevents premature grayness, induces the disposition to curl, so much desired, and under its application the graceful ringlet retains its elastic beauty unaffected by perspiration, damp air, or active exercise.

It insinuates its balsamic properties into the pores of the head, nourishes the hair in its embryo state, cleanses it from scurf and dandruff, accelerates its growth, sustains it in maturity, and continues its possession of healthy vigor, silky softness, and luxurious redundancy to the latest period of human life.

The fact of the patronage it enjoys, its general use, together with numerous testimonials constantly received in its favor, are evidences which stamp its superior excellence and title over all attempts of a similar nature. Being universally preferred, its consequent success causes a host of imitations to start up—but try this once, and you will find its superiority.

Price 25 Cents—Large Bottles.

Caution.—Ask for the article by its full name—STORRS' CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR, and see that it is so entitled upon the wrapper, and has the signature of Geo. F. Storrs. Never let dealers persuade you to use any other article as a substitute for it.

Prepared only by Geo. F. Storrs, No. 198 MARSHALL St. Principal Depot No. 1 Lecour Buildings. my11-eow1y

Sold Wholesale and Retail by C. H. Ring, N. York City, and Pratt & Neuman, Albany, N. Y.

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,

N. E. CORNER OF SIXTH AND BROWN STREETS,

PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for Style, Finish and elegance of *Finish* cannot be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to.

N. B. Omnibusses run from the Exchange past the factory every few minutes.

aug10-tf WM. D. ROGERS.

Selected Poetry.

LAY OF THE WOUNDED HEART.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

Oh, chide me not for weeping—
She's still the same to me,
Though she has long been sleeping
Beneath the willow-tree.
That name, so lightly spoken,
Falls sadly on my ear—
Deem not that death hath broken
A spell so strong, so dear.

Can the cold grave o'er another
The heart's first, warmest flame?
That heart enshrine another,
And still love on the same?
Say not she early perished,
As flowers in autumn die;
Say not the form I cherished
Dwells where her ashes lie.

No—oft when tears are flowing,
As tears are flowing now,
And life's chill winds are blowing
Fiercely upon my brow,
That loved one, who before me
Flew to her native sky,
Is bending kindly o'er me,
As in bright years gone by.

How thin the curtain hiding
The spirit-world from me!
How oft, like shadows gliding,
That cherished form I see!
My God, I thank Thee ever,
That friends so fond and true
Not e'en the grave can sever,
Or shroud from human view.

Now comes she near and nearer!
Welcome, my spirit-bride!
Methinks she should be dearer
Than e'en before she died.
What though she has been sleeping
Long 'neath the willow-tree,
Yet chide me not for weeping—
She's still the same to me.

Selected Sketch.

ANECDOTES OF BISHOP BASCOM.

The following interesting anecdotes of the late Rev. Dr. Bascom, the celebrated Methodist divine, are taken from a notice in the January number of the Ladies' Repository.

HE ESCAPES FROM A PANTHER.

For several years Dr. Bascom's labors were assigned to the wild and unsettled frontiers of Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio. The hardships and privations to which he was subjected on these circuits would have crushed the spirits of any ordinary man. He frequently had to travel forty miles a day through solitary forests, and, after the fatigues of such a journey, deliver a sermon at night. The roads at that time were scarcely broken, and there were no bridges over the streams, which, in the winter, were often swollen, by rains, beyond their banks. But this was but a slight obstacle to the noble pioneer of the cross. He would force his horse daringly forward, and swim across the foaming billows.—To a soul like his, a wet suit and a few hours of chilliness were trifles not to be avoided. On one occasion, while swimming a small stream in Kentucky, which had been swollen to an unusual height by recent rains, the current was so rapid that he was forced some two hundred yards below the ford. The drift was whirling furiously around him, and, either side, the banks were too steep to ascend. He saw his danger, but, with cool self-possession, he clung firmly to his faithful horse, and the noble animal, taking a downward course, finally emerged safely from his perils. What a contrast does this present to the smooth and luxurious life of most clergymen of the present day!

The country through which Dr. Bascom's duty led him, was wild and very thinly settled. The forests were filled with ferocious wild beasts. He was once followed several miles by a large panther, which threatened at every step to bound upon him, and from which he was rescued by reaching, just at nightfall, the cabin of a settler. At another time he had gone some distance from the house of a friend, where he was stopping, into the forest, where he was lying quietly, perusing a book, and unconscious of all danger, under the broad spreading branches of a tree, when he heard of a man crying to him, and telling him to lie still till he fired, on the peril of his life.—Quickly glancing his eye in the direction whence the voice proceeded, he saw his friend, with his rifle elevated, and pointing towards the branches of the tree under which he was lying. Perfectly familiar with backwoods life, Dr. Bascom knew that some horrible danger was hovering over him, and without the least perceptible motion of his body, he instantly turned his gaze upward, when he saw on a limb of the tree, not more than twenty feet above him, a majestic panther, whisking his tail, and just ready to leap upon him. This was a fearful moment! What nerve it required to retain his self-possession, and thus save his life! for the least motion on the part of Mr. Bascom, would have hastened the spring of the panther, and sealed his fate forever! And in that fearful moment, when death seemed inevitable, with a self-control and a courage truly wonderful, he laid perfectly quiet, till the keen crack of the rifle was heard, and the ferocious beast, pierced by the unerring aim of the backwoodsman, fell lifeless by his side.

ANOTHER RENCONTRE.

While on the Circuit of Western Virginia, I think it was, Bascom stopped, at noon, at a log-cabin, recently erected by the roadside. He sat down, by invitation, to dine with the family. A lovely little child, about three years old, which had attracted his attention by its sweet smiles, and rare beauty, was playing in front of the door while the family were engaged around the homely repast, when suddenly a heart-piercing cry was heard from without.

"My child! my child!" screamed the mother. And, as quick as thought, all rushed to the door.

Father of mercies! what a sight was here presented to the gaze of a doating mother! A terrible panther had sprung upon her unwary darling, and was ascending a tree, bearing the child in its mouth.

"The gun! quick! for God's sake, the gun!" frantically exclaimed the father.

Dr. Bascom rushed into the cabin, and, seizing the gun from the rack, rapidly returned; but, alas! it was too late. He was only in time to see the innocent, lovely babe torn to pieces, in the presence of its frantic parents, by the infuriated beast. Completely unnerved by the appalling sight, it required several shots before Dr. Bascom was enabled to bring down the blood-thirsty animal.

"I can never forget that awful scene," said Dr. Bascom, when relating this incident to the writer, some years since. And well might he say so, for a more deeply-affecting, and heart-rending scene has seldom been recorded in the history of adventurous pioneer life.

HIS COAT.

In the composition of Dr. Bascom, there was no cant, or ostentatious pretence. He could never be induced to wear the peculiar dress adopted by clergymen of his Church. He believed that true humility is a principle of the soul, and does not consist either in eccentricity of habits or the cut of the coat. He always dressed with neatness and taste. This so much displeased the "elder brethren," that he was called to a formal account by a number of senior clergymen. After listening respectfully to the arguments urged against the fashionable cut of his garb, Dr. Bascom deliberately arose, pulled off his coat, and hanging it on a chair, desired to know whether it was himself or the coat that preached! His censurers smiled at the solidity of the argument, and told him to dress as he pleased.

ESCAPES FROM A MOB IN NEW ORLEANS.

About the year 1800, it was thought advisable, by the leading men in the Colonization cause, then in its infancy, to send a secret agent to the South, and this perilous and arduous office was tendered to Dr. Bascom, by the Board at Washington, which he promptly accepted. A more dangerous position could not have been assigned to him at that time. The movements of the Colonization Society were then regarded with extreme jealousy and distrust by the entire South. The Society was believed to be hostile to the "peculiar institution," and its efforts met with the same violent opposition, denunciation, and threatenings, in the South, that afterward attended the action of the Abolitionists. Indeed, Colonization was, at that time, very little understood, and was regarded as synonymous with Abolition. The people of the South were, consequently, most bitterly opposed to it, and in a state of violent excitement at the time Dr. Bascom accepted his mission.

His instructions were, to proceed to New Orleans, and, after conferring privately with a few persons who were known to be favorable to the movement, act as he thought most prudent. On arriving there, and consulting with his friends, he found that it would be a most hazardous undertaking to attempt to hold a public meeting, and acting under the advice of those with whom he consulted, he determined to leave the city without publicly announcing the object of his visit. He had, however, spoken in several places in Kentucky before going to New Orleans, and his position being known, his arrival had, therefore, created considerable excitement. This so rapidly increased, that a meeting was held by a number of citizens, at which several inflammatory speeches were delivered, and a resolution passed requiring him to leave the city. A committee of furious and excited individuals was appointed to wait on him, and notify him to leave within twenty-four hours, or take the consequences. At this time the Hon. Mr. Dawson, of St. Francisville, afterward a member of Congress from Louisiana, a bold, gallant, and impulsive man, was on a visit to New Orleans. He was a man of real mettle, and no excitement ever arose, where he was, that he did not join one side or the other, and generally he was inclined to the weaker side. True to his nature, when the excitement arose against Mr. Bascom, Dawson, although he was, personally, a total stranger to him, assumed a bold stand in his defence, and immediately set about a plan for his protection. How he succeeded we shall presently see.

The Committee called on Dr. Bascom, informed him of the excited state of public feeling, and ordered him to leave the city in twenty-four hours, or take the consequences, which, they asserted, would be most serious. "Gentlemen," said he, in reply, "I had intended to leave to-morrow morning; but now, since you have ordered me to leave, I shall remain three days longer. I am an American citizen, and claim the right guaranteed to me by the Constitution of my country." The Committee were thunderstruck by the boldness of this reply, and hastily left the room.

The Committee had scarcely disappeared before loud voices and the tramp of men were heard approaching the room. Anticipating something serious, Dr. Bascom arose, approached the door, and looking into the hall, saw advancing toward him a large crowd of rough men, led by one who had the air and dress of a gentleman. He fearlessly confronted them, and demanded the object of their errand. Mr. Dawson—for it was he who led this uncouth band—laughed, and assured him that he was his friend. The whole patty were then invited into his room by Dr. Bascom, when Dawson informed him who he was, reassured him of his friendship, and explained the nature of his visit. "These," said he, "are all boatmen from Kentucky, Ohio, Virginia, Indiana, Missouri and Tennessee. Most of them have heard you preach in times past; and those who have not heard you themselves, have heard of you from their mothers or their friends. When I heard of your danger, Mr. Bascom, I determined to go to the levee, and appeal to them for your protection; and you see the result. We've just met the Committee, and I told them if they dared to touch a hair of your head—if they dared to put you in prison, we wouldn't leave a stone of their calaboose standing. There's a thousand more such brave boys as these at the levee, and they all swear they'll die for you." Overpowered by the chivalry of Dawson, and the manliness and affection of the hardy boatmen, Dr. Bascom wept, as the brave and the good only can weep, as he returned his heart-felt thanks. That night the streets in the vicinity of the hotel at which Dr. Bascom was stopping, were alive with the brave, honest boatmen of the West, each one ready to peril his life in defence of the "great preacher." But no violence was attempted; and before he left the city, Dr. Bascom had the pleasure of organizing a promising Colonization Society, many of the most influential citizens becoming life members.

THE SAME AT NATCHEZ.

Leaving New Orleans, Dr. Bascom proceeded up the river to Natchez. He had previously written to a friend to procure a church, in which he wished to deliver a public discourse in favor of Colonization. The church of Dr. Potts, who afterward had the controversy with Dr. Wainwright, of New York, had been secured for that purpose; and when he arrived, which was about the appointed hour, Dr. Bascom proceeded directly to the place of meeting. He was met at the door by the leading members of the Methodist Church of that city, and also by Dr. Potts, all of whom implored him not to attempt to speak. They declared that the public mind was highly incensed against him, and that there were at that time a number of armed men in the church determined to use violence, if he attempted to speak. This did not in the least intimidate him; but, resisting all their importunities, Dr. Bascom marched directly through the church, and ascended the pulpit. Knowing that delay was dangerous, he did not take his seat, but turning to the audience he told them that he was aware of the excited state of public feeling—aware of threatened violence; but he asked, as a right, to be heard before being condemned—to be heard *as a man*—and then he would submit to any punishment of which he might be deemed deserving. The words were uttered rapidly, and were promptly answered by a man who arose in the midst of the audience and cried, with an oath, that he should be heard. This was the same Mr. Dawson who had played so conspicuous a part in his behalf at New Orleans. He had learned Dr. Bascom's destination, and, with the same chivalrous spirit which led him at first to espouse his cause, had, unknown to him, gone to Natchez to aid in his protection. And here his voice triumphantly prevailed. He was answered by an almost unanimous agreement to hear what Bascom had to say, at least for one hour. Accordingly, the address was commenced; and never before did the eloquent speaker labor more powerfully and effectively. The exciting circumstances under which he was placed seemed to act as a kind of inspiration, and nerve his soul to one of the noblest efforts of eloquence.

"His words seemed oracles
That pierced their bosoms; and each man would turn
And gaze in wonder on his neighbor's face,
That with the like dumb wonder answered him.
You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spoke."

And when his hour expired, such wonders had he wrought in the minds of his hearers, that the cry of "Go on! go on!" was heard throughout the immense assembly. The orator proceeded for more than an hour longer, and at the conclusion of his address took up a collection for the Colonization Society. Those who so recently were ready to tear him to pieces, now rushed eagerly forward to contribute in aid of the great cause. The collection of that day was the largest received by Dr. Bascom in any city South, with the single exception of Nashville.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS AND HER CANINE FRIEND.

One of the most touching instances of canine attachment, of which we ever heard, was related to us the other day, by a matron of the neighborhood where the finale of the melancholy event transpired.—*Vermont Freeman.*

"A young lady of one of the northern towns of this county, while engaged in teaching school the past summer, a few miles from her home, was singled out towards the close of her engagement, without any apparent inducement, by the dog of one of her employers, as the peculiar object of his regard, which was soon unaccountably increased to such a degree that he could scarcely be beaten from her side, or prevented from entering the school-house, to which he daily repaired. At the termination of her school, which she left in failing health, when about to start for her parental residence, the dog gave signs of his determination to follow her, which perceiving, she turned to the owner, and soon effected a purchase of the animal, which now joyously attended her home. Her first words, on entering the house, were—'Mother, I have come to die, and have brought a friend here to watch over my grave.' After making this announcement, she immediately took to her bed, and sunk rapidly in a typhoid, which in about a week, terminated in her death. During her whole sickness, the faithful and evidently sorrow-stricken dog, never, but for a few moments at a time, left the sick room, constantly lying dejected near the head of her bed, and seeming but too blest when permitted to lick her fevered hand, which was occasionally extended for his tender caresses. As her final hour drew near, he became indifferent about food, and soon refused it altogether. After her death, which he seemed to comprehend, he continued to watch by the corpse, only at one time leaving it, and that was when the coffin-case, which had arrived with the coffin, was carried and placed by the side of the grave, previously dug in an enclosure near the house. He then, having somehow been made aware of what was going on, came out of the house, went to the case, and with his paws on the side, looked in, and seemed to examine it attentively. He next jumped down into the grave, and appeared to inspect that also with equal care and attention. He then came out and hurried back to his post by the corpse, which he continued to watch, till it was brought out for interment, when he closely followed the coffin, and looked sorrowfully on, as it was lowered to its final resting place, and the grave filled up. When his human fellow mourners retired, however, he remained behind, and lying down at the head of the grave, could not be induced to leave the spot, refusing, for the first few days, all food, then, for a week or two sparingly receiving it when brought to him, and at last going occasionally to the house for it, but only to dispatch in haste what was set before him, and return to his sad and lonely vigil, which night and day, he still continues to keep up over the remains of his beloved mistress."

☞ Physicians' faults are covered with earth, rich men's with money.

Wit and Humor.

DOCTOR AMESBURY.

"I 'spose you've hearn of him, hain't you?"

"I never have."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. One day I met the Doctor over at Simpkin's store, buying groceries. It was awful cold. I felt a little hoarse, and my tongue was somewhat furry; so says I,

"'My head feels a little akeish like; what do you think I'd better do?'

"Says he, 'Friend S., the best thing you can do, is to go straight home and soak your feet and take a sweat, cause if you don't you might have a fever.'

"Says I, 'Doctor, I was just thinking a sweat would do me good, and now I guess I'll do it.'

"So, home I went, and drank a bowlful of tansey tea, and if I didn't sweat like a beaver, it's no matter. The next morning my head was as clear as a bell, and I was well again.

"Well, a day or two afterwards I met the Doctor, and says he,

"'Neighbor S., I have a small bill against you.'

"I looked at him, and says I, 'A bill?' and says he,

"'Yes, a bill for advice you know, at Simpkin's store the other day.'

"What do you think he had charged me? why one dollar fo' telling me to go home and take a sweat.

"'Well, Doctor,' says I (because I wouldn't appear small, you know,) 'it's all right, and I'll bear it in mind.'

"Well, a few days after, the Doctor was passing by my door in his chaise, and somehow or other, one of the wheels got a little loose; so says I, 'Doctor, if you don't drive that linch pin in an inch, the wheel might come off.'

"Says he, 'I thank you,' and he drove in the pin. Well, I went into the house and just made a charge of it. When I met him again I presented him the bill.

"'Hallo! what on earth is that?' said he.

"'Why, that's for advice.'

"'Advice for what?' says he.

"'Why, for driving in your wheel pin; and I have just charged you seven and six.'

"'Well,' says he, 'the difference between your bill and mine is just twenty-five cents.'

"'That's all you owe me,' says I.

"'Well, I'LL BEAR IT IN MIND,' says he.

"But the Doctor is as tight as a candle mould, and I guess he's able to bear it in mind."

HOW TO MAKE ROOM IN A CROWD.—A rich and influential citizen of Hartford, Ct., who is guilty of a little darker skin than his brethren, happened to be present in New York City, on the occasion of a great public meeting on the Battery, at which the celebrated Black Hawk, then on his tour throughout the country, was to make a speech. Colonel P——— and his friend P———, also a citizen of Hartford, walked down to the Battery, but found the crowd so large and dense, that they could not gain a position within hearing distance of the stand erected for the speakers. After some deliberation, the Colonel proposed returning to the hotel, but his friend demurred. "I can manage, with your permission, Colonel, to get a seat for each of us upon the platform."

"How can that be done? I can hardly push my cane into the crowd, and how shall we affect an entrance with our bodies?"

"I'll tell you, Colonel. Just let me announce you as *Black Hawk*, and we shall be ushered directly into the inner circle. Only a little Indianity, you know! What say you?"

"Agreed—but we must make our onset from another point."

They passed round to the other side, near the entrance from Broadway, and the Colonel removed his hat, and assumed an air of aboriginal dignity, while his friend P——— cried in an exceeding loud voice,

"Room, gentlemen! Make way! Make way for the great chief, Black Hawk!"

There was a buzzing in the crowd, and in an instant it separated on either hand, under P———'s waving cane, like the waters of the Red Sea, under the rod of Moses.

The Colonel and P——— walked along the line, hardly able to meet, with becoming gravity, the curious gaze of thousands of eyes—but their object was accomplished—they obtained eligible seats, and the nickname of "Black Hawk" still sticks to Colonel P———, President of the ——— Bank, Hartford, Ct.—*Yankee Blade.*

THE NOSE AND THE PALATE.—Judge S———, of the Northern District, is universally known as the most indefatigable sportsman in the State. Duck, snipe, woodcock, prairie hens, and pigeons, suffer, wherever the Judge fixes his locality. The Judge is an epicure, in his way, and his way is peculiar. He hangs up all game killed, for three or four days—after the English manner—till it becomes almost putrid, at least, till the feathers come out easy and the flesh is quite tender.

Many good stories are told of affairs happening from this singular *penchant* of the Judge. We have heard none better, however, than the following, concerning Esquire W———, now adorned with the judicial ermine in one of, what were facetiously termed, by the last People's Governor, the one-horse courts of the State.

The Judge had invited Esquire W——— to dinner, and savory dishes of prairie chickens, killed a week before, and ever since hung in the warm kitchen, were placed before him. The guest, however, little relished the rich morsels which his host provided, and tasted sparingly. The Judge noticed the abstemiousness of his guest, and endeavored to obviate it, by placing the choicest morsels before him. He cut a fine large slice from the breast of a prairie chicken, and handed it to him saying, "There, Squire, I guess you will take that, it's a good piece."

"Yes," said W———, "it's good, but *how like thunder it smells!*"

"Well, well," growled the old Judge, "a man comes to the table to *eat* his victuals, not to *smell* of 'em."

SHOOTING YOUR NEIGHBOR'S HENS.—Mr. A——— kept his hens shut up. He was not going to have his garden destroyed by his own or his neighbor's hens. One morning he saw a couple digging in his early pea bed, and out he went, with murder in his heart, but the hens flew over into neighbor B———'s garden; whereupon A——— called over to him very angrily that he would shoot the next hen he saw on his side of the fence, if he did not shut them up, which B——— declared he would not do, "and if A——— was fool enough to shoot them, he might do it, for all that he cared." A——— was as good as his word, and day after day B——— was saluted with the smell of gunpowder, and a message thrown over the fence with every fat pullet, "There's another chicken for your dinner," until, at length, not finding the usual supply, B——— called over one morning to neighbor A——— to know the reason. This awakened inquiry, when it was discovered that A——— had been shooting his own hens as they occasionally escaped through a hole in the coop, and in his anger at his neighbor for the supposed trespass, had furnished him with sundry good dinners. No doubt he was a little mad at first, and thought any cunning trick after that better than shooting his neighbor's hens.

THE YANKEE OUTWITTED.—A Yankee and a Frenchman, owned a pig in co-partnership. When killing time came, they wished to divide the meat. The Yankee was very anxious to divide so that he would get both hind quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the proper way to divide, was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to do it on condition that the Yankee would turn his back and take choice of the pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back and the Frenchman asked:

"Vich piece will you have—de piece wid no tail to him, or de piece vat ain't got no tail?"

"The piece with the tail," replied the Yankee.

"Den, by gar, you can dake him, and I take de oder one," said the Frenchman.

Upon turning round the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and stuck it in the pig's mouth.

BREAKING THE NEWS.—Cuff had been out with the cart and oxen, and returning, his master asked him what was the trouble?

"Why, massa, the wheel is broke."

"Is that all, Cuff?"

"No, massa, de tongue broke, too."

"What, did the oxen run away?"

"Yes, massa, and kill the nigh ox."

"Is it possible, Cuff?"

"And de off ox, too, massa."

"So, you black rascal, you have made a perfect smash up, and that is the reason why you came back; why didn't you tell me so?"

"Why, massa," said Cuff, scratching his wool, "I s'pose dat one wheel broke de 'ficient of itself individooly, widout proceeding into de entire argument ob de cart and oxum."

HINT TO BIBLE THUMPERS.—The devout Methodist Preacher, Rev. Daniel Isaac, who was celebrated in England for his mental vigor, his eloquence and eccentricity, on finding that his Chapel Bible was getting dilapidated, and sinking beneath the vigorous blows often inflicted upon it by his brethren in the ministry, when desirous of making a strong point, wrote on one of the blank leaves, the following brief address, which may not be without use even on this side of the Atlantic:

"*To All Bible Thumpers—Gentlemen.*—You are certainly required 'rightly to divide the word of truth;' but I must beg leave to remind you, that to thump me to pieces, is not to 'divide me rightly.' How can you persuade others to regard me with reverence, when they see you treat me with such shocking abuse?"

FOR HIS OWN CONSUMPTION.—Last week a horse dealer from Vermont, a sort of Solomon Swop, came to this city with three horses—two of which were for sale. Finding no market in the city, at his own price, he drove them out to Cambridge, and there he found many admirers of his horse-flesh. Those who "talk horse" cracked-up the Vermonter's nags to the highest note, when a gentleman came along and said:

"Sir, you have some very fine horses here; are tney for sale?"

"Well," drawled out the countryman, "thar are two of them that I *would* sell, at my own price; but that anermil *thar*," pointing his finger at one of the horses, "*that anermil*, I shall reserve for my *own consumption*."—*Boston Bee.*

SHARP SHOOTING.—Col. Preeble tells us of an instance of sharp shooting which we think it would be hard to beat. He states that one of the "rank and file" under his command, once charged six shots at a barrel rolling down a hill, he being at the bottom of the hill. Upon the barrel's reaching the bottom of the hill it was examined, and no mark of a bullet was discovered upon it, whereupon his comrades began to ridicule him. He, however, very coolly desired them to shake the barrel, by doing which they found that the bullets were inside—*the whole six entered the bung-hole, at which point he had aimed.*

Selected Articles.

SKETCH FOR CHRISTMAS.

A fine, high-spirited boy, who has been under the malignant influence of a cross school-[illegible], burst into my room, and broke a dr[illegible] that I had drawn a prize in the lottery, [illegible] me a Merry Christmas. All his little [illegible] sorrows are now forgotten. His [illegible] are as bright and his cheeks as rosy as if he had never been beaten for not knowing the difference between a copulative and a disjunctive conjunction, or for forgetting that the [illegible] which his tyrant called *time* commenced with a *p*. The young dog has hung up his stocking, and received such lavish gifts from good St. Nicholas, that the overflowings of his delighted heart would no longer permit him to refrain from calling upon me, his true friend and ally, to participate in his joy. He has a magnificent humming-top and a Chinese puzzle, several profound volumes of history and travels, enriched with wood-cuts of various places on the globe, and their inhabitants, some admirable story-books, and other fanciful gifts, to say nothing of liberal supplies of sugar-plums and New Year cakes, and, putting his arms around my neck, he whispered the important secret with every sign of exhilaration, that he was to have "holiday for a whole week."

I remember to have heard an anecdote of a boy, connected with this famous fashion of hanging up the stocking, which, though a mere trifle, will not be devoid of interest, at least to parents. It seems this little fellow had committed some wickedness in the catalogue of youthful crimes on the eve of the long-wished-for festival. He did not retire to rest, however, without having suspended his stocking, to solicit the bounty of the patron saint of infant New Yorkers, and arose the next morning to examine into the nature of his treasures.

With exclamations of delight, his little brothers and sisters discovered their stockings abundantly supplied with every thing to gratify their fancy and make their happiness complete, beside encouraging notes from their affectionate and invisible divinity, but when he explored his own receipts, imagine his cruel disappointment on drawing forth—a whip. The anger of St. Nicholas, and his own ill-conduct, betrayed so publicly, and coming upon him with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, in a moment of such highly-wrought and joyful expectation, swelled his innocent heart nearly to breaking. Our informant described it in a graphic manner, and as a scene which would have formed an apt subject for a picture. The terrible emblem of supernatural displeasure was no sooner produced, than the gay group of lovely young children were struck into motionless astonishment. Their lively voices were hushed in an instant. The rich and glittering fragments of childish splendor lay around, unregarded, while the hero of the tragedy, with the dark-looking thong in his hand, stood like a statue, his glowing cheeks turned to an ashy paleness—his uplifted eyes streaming with tears, and giving no other sign of life than a quivering of the lip, and a throbbing of the heart, till he fell senseless to the floor. The alarmed parents hastened to recover him, and sought, by convincing him that they themselves, and no angry angel, had put in the whip, as a method of punishing him for his late offences, to relieve his terrors and calm his grief; but their scheme had taken a stronger hold on a lively and uninformed imagination, and struck more deeply a tender young heart than they supposed. The consequence was a fever and delirium of an alarming kind, and a bitterness of anguish which it took months to soothe.

WHAT NEXT!

The ladies are certainly making great progress now-a-days. One of them has been giving the "Home Journal" a little of her experience upon the subject of how a lady feels when her hand is squeezed. She says:

What an *immense* difference it makes *who* squeezes one's hand! A lady may twine her arm round your waist, press a kiss on your brow, or, holding your hand in hers, toy with your fingers to her heart's content, but you are perfectly calm and collected, and experience no unusual sensations, either disagreeable or otherwise. Perchance a gentleman whom you dislike, or feel but slightly acquainted with, ventures to press your hand; you snatch it quickly away, the indignant blood mounts to your forehead, and, with flashing eyes, you wonder "how the impertinent fellow *dares* to do such a thing!" Rather an antiquated specimen of humanity squeezes your hand; you feel mortified for yourself and him,—mortified that a man of his years should make such a fool of himself, that he should think you can really like such nonsense, and, above all, that he believes it possible that you can like him, vexed at what he has done, and determined that an opportunity shall never be afforded him of doing so again. You place your hand confidingly in that of an accepted, acknowledged lover; you are not excited or confused, you have ceased blushing continually in his presence; you experience a feeling of quiet happiness, a "little heaven-upon-earth" sort of feeling," you are perfectly contented with every thing in this terrestrial world, especially your lover and yourself; and yet, withal, it is a foolish feeling, as you sit with his arm twined around you—that manly arm which is to guard and support you through life; a soft, rosy, happy tint suffuses your face, as your hand is clasped in his—ah! it is a blissful, foolish feeling! But let some one whom you like very much, not an accepted lover, but one who may, perhaps, be one, one of these days, gently enclose your hand in his own; what a strange, wild, joyful, painful feeling thrills through you! The hot blood leaps, dancing, tumbling, through your veins, rushes to your temples, tingles at your finger-ends! your heart goes bump, bump; surely, you think, he must hear it throbbing! for the life of you, you cannot speak. After letting your hand remain in his just long enough to show you're not offended, you gently withdraw it; but perchance if it is taken again, after a faint "don't do so," which is answered with a still closer pressure, with downcast eyes and blushing cheek, you let the little hand, thrilling and burning with this new ecstatic emotion, remain all tremblingly in its resting-place.

A PROTEST AGAINST SCIENTIFIC TERMS.—It would be well for every scientific writer, who is addressing his discourse not exclusively to the scientific world, to peruse with care the observations of Whately in his "Rhetoric," on the use and abuse of technical language; and to study as models the writings of such men as Paley, Sir John Herschel, and Sir Charles Bell. To express the results of science without the ostentation of its terms, is an excellent art indeed, and known to but few. An amusing example of the impropriety in question not unfrequently occurs, of justice, when a surgeon undertakes to enlighten a wondering jury as to the results of a *post mortem* examination; he finds a wound "in the parietes of the abdomen, opening the peritoneal cavity;" or an injury of some "vertebra in the dorsal or lumbar region." A judge lately rebuked a witness of this character by saying, "You mean so and so, do you not, sir?"—at the same time translating his scientific barbarisms into a few words of simple English. "I do, my Lord." "Then why can't you *say so?*" He *had said so*, but not in English.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Original Sketch.

SOME ANECDOTES OF THE WISDOM OF ANIMALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY C. W. WEBBER, AUTHOR OF "THE SHOT IN THE EYE," &c.

When I was a boy I once saw some crows feeding on the offal of a late slaughtering of domestic animals near my father's house. There had been a very deep snow on the ground for some weeks, and the crows had become very ravenous. The place where they fed, was within gun-shot of a cedar-hedge. After firing amongst them once or twice, they all took the alarm, and, to my knowledge, never came back again, except one very large, and, I should think, grey-muzzled bird. I noticed that he uniformly seemed to have his eye or nose, it is difficult to tell which, upon me; for when I would reach my hiding-place, I would see the gentleman make a desperate tear at some liver hanging on the fence rails, and down he would dip as quick as lightning, behind the wood-pile next the fence, and when I would fire impatiently in the hope to secure him, he would fly, cawing, off, rising in triumph to the tops of the highest trees, with his prey in his mouth.

This was repeated day after day, for nearly a week, with about the same results, he still returning in unyielding audacity for his prey, in the teeth of all my threatening efforts. I had sworn vengeance against this particular crow, and at last hit upon what I conceived to be an admirable expedient. I put up a little board house, near the corner where he fed, and having first made it large enough to conceal my body, made of it, a esquimaux ambuscade, or hunting-lodge, by covering it above, and on the sides, with snow, leaving a small loop-hole, chinked with snow, that could easily be pushed out with my gun barrel, and a small window, through which I could barely see the place where I expected the crow to alight, and before which I had placed a most tempting, great piece of liver for a bait. I had [illegible] this work between sun[illegible] studiously acc[illegible] the time when the crows had all down and [illegible] gone to r[illegible]. In the morning, about 10 o'clock, I cra[illegible] into my hunting-lodge, thinking I had him; I had to sit not more than an hour, when, with palpitating heart, I heard above me his noisy caw. I had concealed my body carefully, because I knew he inspected, while on the wing, all the premises. He approached my old hiding-place very cautiously, mounting high in the air; when seeming to be satisfied, he poised himself for a moment, and came down in a slanting direction towards the liver, with something of the quick movement of a hawk's swoop—I clutched my gun, preparing to fire the moment he should alight. He had to pass, of course, near my little lodge, that I thought had been so dexterously concealed, to imitate a pile of wood, but, while yet on the swoop, the crow seeing, I suppose, that there was something suspicious in that corner of the wood, almost brushed, with his wing, the delicious breakfast as he went by, darted upward more swiftly than he descended, and went off to his own woods, squalling defiance to his indefatigable enemy as he went off.

I never saw that crow again, that I know of.—He never came back, and the best proof of it was, that the liver still lay on the fence corner, where it had been placed, until the winter broke.

I can conceive no other solution to this curious incident, than that our friend with the black coat, was willing to meet myself, or any other puissant champion, in fair field and on fair terms, for a taste of those esculent morsels which were so necessary for him during the winter—though not particularly partial to gun-powder, his experience had rendered him sufficiently confident, to be willing to run the risks—when he knew my hiding-place.

While he knew what to fear, he knew how to deport himself accordingly; but when it came to treachery to all the laws of war; a change of the place, a well-disguised snow-trap buried in the white, unsuspected bosom of old Mother Earth, the thing was horrible! It frightened him out of his propriety! Paugh! or rather, caw! such a traitor! It was indecent, it was savage, it was unmannerly! Caw! caw!

But what is all this shrewdness to be called? a mere blind Instinct? or has it some processes apparent, closely resembling those of Reason? Is it a pair of sharp eyes and keen nostrils, guiding the safety of a mere machine with black feathers and black wings through the air? Has it passions, affections, power of adaptation, hope, memory, &c.? These are interesting questions.—We have a few other anecdotes to relate to you, going to illustrate some the one side, some the other. You may form your own opinion.

Your metaphysical philosophers are as thick as blackbirds in cherry-time among us—and quite as fussy. Every village pot-house has a genius with ragged breeches and a long score of "chalks" against him, who will prove to you that Christianity is a delusion, and the doctrine of immortality all nonsense, by such imposing logic as that, "you can neither see a soul, hear a soul, taste a soul, smell a soul, nor—" an astounding climax which we would think of doubting to be true in his case—"feel a soul!" But, let them alone. It is all right. This is an age of progression and discovery.

"How many a vulgar Cato has compelled
His energies, no longer tameless then,
To mould a pin or fabricate a nail!
How many a Newton, to whose passive ken," &c.

Let them alone, we say! There is no telling what these "vulgar" Catos and Newtons may not accomplish. The chronicles of olden times are filled with wondrous tales, showing how they, once in a while, shake off the crust, and step forth suddenly before the world's eye, cap-a-pie, in shining armor, becoming men of renown in the fight of faith, or the weary marches of science. We have a strong inclination to set up for one of these vulgar Newtons ourselves, with the permission of the benevolent reader. We are going to be guilty of an audacious speculation—and if we were not more in fun than in earnest, we should be glad to deprecate responsibility, on the plea of "unsophisticated genius," &c.; but though one sense of "unsophisticated" might suit us well enough, yet we dare not claim to be a "genius;" that name is too sacred in the mythos of human hope for us to risk an eternity of infamy among its desecrators.

We said, too, "more in fun than earnest."—It is one of those dreams which, like the poet's ideal, has haunted us since boyhood. We were then, as usual, much fonder of the great wide pages, shadowy, waving, glittering and green, of nature's writing, than all the black-letter tomes that ever wearied the eye of scholar. And while a scape-grace and hopeless truant, we paddled, bare-foot, through the pebbly brook, tore our juvenile trousers climbing for young squirrels, or winning a freckled necklace of birds' eggs for our blue-eyed sweetheart. We had a faint conception that the language we read there should be translated! Not that which we read in the blue eyes, specially, do we mean; but on the general page of the *living* revelation; for we said our incorrigible visuals would not permit us to see that Reason and Instinct were altogether unlike. We took in our hands a definition of Reason accepted by the sages, and went out among those sentient, breathing forms of life, condemned by them to the blind guidance and fatality of Instinct, that we might compare the theory of one with the reality of the other. The song-bird twittered us; the wild deer turned to stare; the squirrel sputtered from his nut-crammed jaws, and the insects buzzed curiously around us—for the story got out that there was "a chiel amang them takin' notes," and they didn't understand but that we meant them some impertinence; but they soon found out that we were harmless, at least, and grew reconciled. Many a calm hour we spent among the cool, dim aisles of the mighty forests, still as the dark trunks around us, watching now the oriole with coy taste, select a twig to hang her cradle from; and when her motherly care was satisfied that a particular one hung clear beyond the reach of the dreaded snake, or mischievous climbers, one and all,—that there was a tuft of leaves above it, which would precisely shield it from the noontide sun—then commence her airy fabric. How ingeniously she avails herself of the forks and notches to twist the first important thread around! How housewife-like she plaits and weaves the grassy fibres! The unmanageable horse-hair, too, is used; how soberly she plies her long, sharp bill and delicate feet! Now she drops that thread as too rotten to be trusted, and reprovingly sends off her careless, chattering mate to get another. He is proud of his fine coat, and dissipates his time in carolling; but in her prudent creed, sweet songs won't build a home for the little folk, and so she very properly makes the idle fellow work. At last, after a deal of sewing, webbing, roofing,—and scolding, too, the while—the house is finished, thatch, door, and all. The softest velvet from the mullen stalk must line it now; and then elate upon the topmost bough, she turns her bill toward heaven, and pours out her joy for labors done, in thrilling gushes!

☞ "Sallie Ward tobacco," which the Louisville Journal says is "truly delicious," is advertised in that city. We expect next to see Sallie Ward *paint* offered for sale.

☞ STRONG PASSIONS work wonders, when there is a greater strength of reason to curb them.

THE DEATH OF SCHILLER.

'Tis said, when Schiller's death drew nigh,
The wish possessed his mighty mind,
To wander forth wherever lie
The homes and haunts of human-kind.

Then strayed the poet in his dreams,
By Rome and Egypt's ancient graves;
Went up the New World's forest streams,
Stood in the Hindoo's temple caves;

Walked with the Pawnee, fierce and stark,
The sallow Tartar, midst his herds,
The peering Chinese, and the dark
False Malay uttering gentle words.

How could he rest? even then he trod
The threshold of the world unknown;
Already from the seat of God,
A ray upon his garments shone—

Shone and awoke the strong desire
For love and knowledge reached not here,
Till freed by death, his soul of fire
Sprang to a fairer, ampler sphere.

Then—who shall tell how deep, how bright
The abyss of glory opened [illegible]
How thought and feeling [illegible] like light,
Through ranks of being without bound.

LIGHT AND HEAT OF THE SUN.—The sun has been considered as a planet, but should rather be numbered among the stars, because he agrees with them in the continual emission of light, and with them in maintaining his relative situation with in apparent [illegible]. His radiant orb is in figure very little [illegible], surrounded by an atmosphere of ex[illegible] density and great extent. The sun continually emits streams of light, which being reflected by the planets they fall upon, can be ascertained to extend with inconceivable swiftness into space nearly 20,000,000,000 of miles; how far beyond the regions of Uranus is left to conjecture; as well as the further effects of their impingement upon planetary surfaces, and what eventually becomes of this wonderful emanation. Must it not reach, at least, as far as the aphelia of comets?

The solar rays, thus transmitted through space in every direction, must affect the heavenly bodies very differently, on account of the varieties in their atmosphere, and because the intensity of both light and heat diminishes in an inverse proportion as the square of the distance increases.

The appearance of the sun is that of an intensely brilliant ball, far too dazzling for the unprotected eye. This light is so ardently strong, that the most vivid flames which human art can produce, when held before the sun, disappear; and intensely ignited solids become dark spots on the solar disc when seen between it and the eye. "The ball of ignited quicklime," says Herschel, "in Lieut. Drummond's oxyhydrogen lamp, gives the nearest imitation to the solar splendor which had yet been produced."

The appearance of this against the sun, was, however, as described (viz.; *a dark spot*,) in an imperfect trial at which I was present. The direct light of the sun has been estimated to be equal to that of 5,570 wax candles of moderate size, supposed to be placed at the distance of one foot from the object. That of the moon is probably only equal to the light of one candle at the distance of twelve feet. Consequently, the light of the sun is more than 300,000 times greater than that of the moon.—*Exchange.*

WAR.—I look upon war as one of the fleeting necessities of things, in the course of human progress; as an evil (like all other evils) to be regarded in relation to some other evil that would have been worse without it, but always to be considered as an indication of comparative barbarism; as a necessity, the perpetuity of which is not to be assumed or encouraged; or, as a half-reasoning mode of adjustment, whether of disputes, or of populations, which mankind, on arriving at years of discretion, and coming to a better understanding with one another, may, and must, of necessity, do away. It would be as ridiculous to associate the idea of War with an earth covered with railroads and commerce, as a fight between Holborn and the Strand, or between people met in a drawing-room.—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE USE OF BOOKS.—The apt reply of a distinguished scholar of our own country to a benefactor of the institution of learning with which he was connected, when the subject of an increase of the library was under discussion, is deserving of perpetual remembrance. "We need more books," said the professor. "More books!" exclaimed the merchant; "why, have you read through all that you have already?" "Oh, no; and I never expect to read them all." "Why then do you want more?" "Pray, sir, did you ever read your *dictionary* through?" "Certainly not." "Well, a library is my dictionary."

For the Children.

FROM THE "HISTORY OF MY PETS."

HECTOR, THE GREYHOUND.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Hector was the favorite hound of my brother Rufus, who was extremely fond of him, for he was one of the most beautiful creatures ever seen, had an amiable disposition, and was very intelligent. You would scarcely believe me, should I tell you all his accomplishments and cunning tricks. If one gave him a piece of money, he would take it in his mouth and run at once to the baker, or butcher, for his dinner. He was evidently fond of music, and even seemed to have an ear for it, and he would dance away merrily whenever he saw dancing. He was large and strong, and in the winter, I remember, we used to harness him in a little sleigh, on which he drew my youngest brother to school. As Hector was as fleet as the wind, this sort of riding was rare sport. At night we had but to start him off, and he would go directly to the school-house for his little master. Ah, Hector was a wonderful dog!

A few miles from our house, there was a pond, or small lake, very deep and dark, and surrounded by a swampy wood. Here my brothers used to go duck-shooting, though it was rather dangerous sport, as most of the shore of the pond was a soft bog, but thinly grown over with grass and weeds. It was said that cattle had been known to sink in it, and disappear in a short time.

One night during the hunting season, one of my elder brothers brought a friend home with him, a fine, handsome young fellow, named Chas. Ashley. It was arranged that they should shoot ducks about the pond the next day. So in the morning they all set out in high spirits. In the forenoon they had not much luck, as they kept too much together; but in the afternoon they separated, my brothers giving their friend warning to beware of getting into the bogs. But Ashley was a wild, imprudent young man, and once, having shot a fine large duck, which fell into the pond near the shore, and Hector, who was with him, refusing to go into the water for it, he ran down himself. Before he reached the edge of the water, he was over his ankles in mire; then, turning to go back, he sunk to his knees, and in another moment he was waist-high in the bog, and quite unable to help himself. He laid his gun down, and, fortunately, could rest one end of it on a little knoll of firmer earth; but he still sunk slowly, till he was in up to his arm pits. Of course, he called and shouted for help as loud as possible, but my brothers were at such a distance that they did not hear him so as to know his voice. But Hector, after looking at him in his sad fix a moment, started off on a swift run, which soon brought him to his master. My brother said that the dog then began to whine, and run back and forth in a most extraordinary manner, until he set out to follow him to the scene of the accident. Hector dashed on through the thick bushes, as though he were half distracted, every few moments turning back with wild cries to hurry on his master. When my brother came up to where his friend was fixed in the mire, he could see nothing of him at first. Then he heard a faint voice calling him, and, looking down near the water, he saw a pale face looking up at him from the midst of the black bog. He has often said that it was the strangest sight that he ever saw. Poor Ashley's arms, and the fowling-piece he held, were now beginning to disappear, and in a very short time he would have sunk out of sight for ever! Only to think of such an awful death! My brother, who had always great presence of mind, lost no time in bending down a young tree from the bank where he stood, so that Ashley could grasp it, and in that way be drawn up, for, as you see, it would not have been safe for him to go down to where his friend sunk. When Ashley had taken a firm hold of the sapling, my brother let go of it, and it sprung back, pulling up the young man without much exertion on his part. Ashley was, however, greatly exhausted with fright and struggling, and lay for some moments on the bank, feeling quite unable to walk. As soon as he was strong enough, he set out for home with my brother, stopping very often to rest and shake off the thick mud, which actually weighed heavily upon him. I never shall forget how he looked when he came into the yard about sunset. Oh, what a rueful and ridiculous figure he cut! We could none of us keep from laughing, though we were frightened at first, and sorry for our guest's misfortune. But after he was dressed in a dry suit of my brother's, he looked funnier than ever, for he was a tall, rather large person, and the dress was too small for him every way. Yet he laughed as heartily as any of us, for he was very good-natured and merry. It seems to me I can see him now, as he walked about with pantaloons half way up to his knees, coat-sleeves coming a little below the elbows, and vest that wouldn't meet at all, and told us queer Yankee stories, and sung songs, and jested and laughed all the evening. But once, I remember, I saw him go out on to the door-step, where Hector was lying, kneel down beside the dog, and actually hug him to his breast.

When not hunting with his [illegible] rambles, Hector went with Albert and me in all [illegible] hardly be seen crying and smiling. We co[illegible] almost as well without him, and we lov[illegible] loved one another.

One afternoon in [illegible] spring, we had been into the woods for wi[illegible] with the sweet claytonias, and had my apron [illegible] and the pretty white flowers of the gay trilli[illegible], or "blood-root," and hosts and the sangui[illegible] the wild violets, yellow and blue. [illegible] had taken off his cap and filled it [illegible] beautiful green mosses, and lit it up with the bright red squawberry. We had just entered the long, shady lane which ran down to the house, and were talking and laughing very merrily, when we saw a crowd of men and boys running toward us and shouting as they ran. Before them was a large, brown bull-dog, that, as he came near, we saw was foaming at the mouth. Then we heard what the men were crying. It was, "*Mad dog!*"

My brother and I stopped and clung to each other in great trouble. Hector stood before us and growled. The dog was already so near that we saw we could not escape; he came right at us, with his dreadful frothy mouth wide open. He was just upon us, when Hector caught him by the throat, and the two rolled on the ground, biting and struggling. But presently one of the men came up and struck the mad dog on the head with a large club,—so stunned him and finally killed him. But Hector, poor Hector, was badly bitten in the neck and breast, and all the men said that he must die, too, or he would go mad. One of the neighbors went home with us, and told my father and elder brothers all about it. They were greatly troubled, but promised that, for the safety of the neighborhood, Hector should be shot in the morning. I remember how, while they were talking, Hector lay on the door-step licking his wounds, every now and then looking round, as if he thought that there was some trouble which he ought to understand.

I shall never, never forget how I grieved that night! I heard the clock strike ten, eleven, and twelve, as I lay awake weeping for my dear playfellow and noble preserver, who was to die in the morning. Hector was sleeping in the next room, and once I got up and stole out to see him as he lay on the hearth-rug in the clear moon-light, resting unquietly, for his wounds pained him. I went and stood so near that my tears fell on his beautiful head; but I was careful not to wake him, for I somehow felt guilty toward him.

That night the weather changed, and the next morning came up chilly and windy, with no sunshine at all,—as though it would not have been a gloomy day enough, any how. After breakfast—ah! I remember well how little breakfast was eaten by any of us that morning—Hector was led out into the yard, and fastened to a stake. He had never before in all his life been tied, and he now looked troubled and ashamed. But my mother spoke pleasantly to him and patted him, and he held up his head and looked proud again. My mother was greatly grieved that the poor fellow should have to die for defending her children, and when she turned from him and went into the house, I saw she was in tears; so I cried louder than ever. One after another, we all went up and took leave of our dear and faithful friend. My youngest brother clung about him longest, crying and sobbing as though his heart would break. It seemed that we should never get the child away. My brother Rufus said that no one should shoot his dog but himself, and while we children were bidding farewell, he stood at a little distance loading his rifle. But finally he also came up to take leave. He laid his hand tenderly on Hector's head, but did not speak to him or look into his eyes,—those sad eyes, which seemed to be asking what all this crying meant. He then stepped quickly back to his place, and raised the rifle to his shoulder. Then poor Hector appeared to understand it all, and to know that he must die, for he gave a loud, mournful cry, trembled all over, and crouched toward the ground. My brother dropped the gun, and leaned upon it, pale and distressed. Then came the strangest thing of all. Hector seemed to have strength given him to submit to his hard fate; he stood up bravely again, but turned away his head and closed his eyes. My brother raised the rifle. I covered my face with my hands. Then came a loud, sharp report. I looked round and saw Hector stretched at full length, with a great stream of blood spouting from his white breast, and reddening all the grass about him. He was not quite dead, and as we gathered around him, he looked up into our faces and moaned. The ball which pierced him had cut the cord in two that bound him to the stake, and he was free at the last. My brother, who had thrown down his rifle, drew near also, but dared not come close, because, he said, he feared the poor dog would look reproachfully at him. But Hector caught sight of his beloved master, and, rousing all his strength, dragged himself to his feet. Rufus bent over him and called him by name. Hector looked up lovingly and forgivingly into his face, licked his hand, and died. Then my brother, who had kept a firm, manly face all the while, burst into tears.

My brother William, who was always master of ceremonies on such occasions, made a neat coffin for Hector, and laid him in it, very gently and solemnly. I flung in all the wild-flowers which Albert and I had gathered on the afternoon of our last walk with our noble friend, and so we buried him. His grave was very near the spot where he had so bravely defended us from the mad dog, by the side of the way, in the long, pleasant lane where the elm-trees grew.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 13, 4, is a weapon.
My 2, 1, 7, is a kind of fish.
My 3, 13, 8, is a species of fruit.
My 4, 11, 10, 6, is a female's name.
My 5, 9, 11, is a small animal.
My 6, 7, 4, is an intoxicating drink.
My 7, 4, 6, 1, 11, 2, is a measure of distance.
My 8, 12, 13, 10, 15, is a part of the body.
My 9, 3, 9, is a numeral.
My 10, 6, 8, is what all tidy housekeepers possess.
My 11, 9, 14, is a nickname for a man.
My 12, 6, 8, is an article of clothing.
My 13, 5, 3, is an article often seen on the table.
My 14, 4, 6, 7, is an article of food.
My 15, 2, 6, 9, is a wild animal.
My whole is a well known personage.

A. McK.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 10, is a noted person.
My 8, 13, 7, 11, 3, 6, is an interesting place to visit.
My whole is a great place of resort in Philadelphia.

J. P. F.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a doctor's prescription;
For my second you need not look high;
To my whole you resort both in sickness and health,
You can find I know if you try.

A JUNIOR.
Bangor, Maine.

PROBLEM.

There is a certain fractional number, which either increased by unity, or diminished by unity, shall both be squares. What is that number?

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are dreams like the cars upon a railroad?

Ans.—Because they come upon sleepers.

☞ What effect did Cain's murder of his brother have on his mother?

Ans.—It made her miserable. (Miss her Abel.)

☞ Why is a good soldier like a wealthy man?

Ans.—Because he has a good carriage.

☞ Why are seven days like hot weather?

Ans.—Because they make one week. (Weak.)

☞ If a man spend five dollars foolishly one day, what ought he to gain the next?

Ans.—Wisdom.

☞ Why are four roods like a decayed tooth?

Ans.—They are an acre. (Acher.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
JOHN CHRYSOSTOM WOLFGANG THEOPHILUS MOZART.

CHARADE.—M[illegible]

PROBLEM.—2520.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—60.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

A jack-screw used to raise the wind.
The man that mends the breaks of day.
Seven inches from the golden rule.
Two points of a biting sarcasm.
A squeal from a pig of lead.

RAT-CATCHER ON RATS.—"One pair of rats," he says, "with their progeny, will produce in three years no less a number than six hundred and forty-six thousand eight hundred and eight rats! which will consume, day by day, as much food as sixty-four thousand six hundred and eighty men; leaving eight rats to starve." This, it must be admitted, is startling enough; but any one who has a cellar, or a corn-bin, will be inclined to believe almost any tale, however strong, or to applaud any abuse, however severe, which may be heaped upon the convicted thief rat. Midnight burglaries, undetected by the new police, sink into insignificance compared with the ravages of rats of the London sewers, which steal and destroy more in one week than the value of all the robberies of plate that blaze away in the newspapers from year's end to year's end. And yet the plunderers go on almost unmolested. They are too cunning for traps, and arsenic seems to be more fatal to human than to quadrupedal victims. The French journals, the other day, described a grand battue in the sewer of Paris, when thousands of rats were captured and killed; and we heard of large sums cleared by the sale of their skins; for these thieves go about like swell-mobsmen—very well clad. But the example of our French brethren was not imitated in the modern Babylon. We neither spill blood on barricades above ground nor in sewers beneath it. So Mr. Rat still carries on his plunder with impunity, to the great horror and indignation of housewives in general, and the writer we have just referred to in particular. Protection is with him no explanation of national distress. He says its all owing to rats: "The farmers have been eaten out of house and home; bread kept up to a starvation price, to the misery, poverty, and clime of our manufacturing and agricultural population. Men seldom think of rats, because they seldom see them; but are they less destructive because they carry on their ravages in the dark? Certainly not."—*Dickens's Household Words.*

Agricultural.

RENOVATION OF WORN OUT LANDS.

H. K. Burgwyn, Esq., of Jackson, North Carolina, has been very successful in reclaiming the worn out lands of the section where he resides. He has furnished, for the Agricultural part of the Patent Office Report, an account of his mode of improvement, by which he has doubled the product of Indian corn, and increased the yield of wheat in a still greater proportion. The following are the principal points in his system of culture:—

If the "broom straw," in which these waste lands always grow up, retain any sap, by which, when turned under, fermentation will ensue, and cause the straw to rot, let the land, as it is, be ploughed with the largest size plough, drawn by three or four horses, running as deeply as possible,—say not less than ten inches—and turning every thing under. If the straw has no sap, burn it off, and plough as before. If possible, follow each plough with a subsoil plough, and go six or eight inches deeper. This will make the stiff clay, which almost every where underlies our land, more open to the genial influences of the sun and air, and enable it to get rid of the surplus water of winter, and heavy rains in other seasons of the year.

About the middle of June, following, when the weeds are about half-grown, and before they have formed their seeds, sow the land broadcast at the rate of a bushel per acre, of the numerous varieties of peas among us, except the "black-eyed," which, having very little vine, affords little shade. In all cases, I prefer those which have the most vine, and ripen earliest. When the land has much weeds or grass upon it, turn under the peas with any kind of plough, running not over three inches deep. If the land is bare of weeds, I prefer covering the peas with a large heavy harrow, running both ways—first lengthwise, and then across the beds. As it is important to give the peas a start over the weeds and grass, I soak them six hours in water, and roll them in plaster of Paris; and, when they begin to leaf and branch, say, when twelve inches high, I sow plaster, at the rate of a bushel per acre. This stimulates their growth, and they overpower the weeds and grass.

When about half the peas are ripe—not "half ripe"—hogs should be turned in to trample and cut up the vines, otherwise it is extremely difficult to turn them under. So soon as this can be done the hogs should be taken off, for shading the land from the summer's sun—a most important matter in all improvement—and giving to the thin soil a large mass of vine leaves and other vegetable substances. From experience in the use of both, I think peas but little inferior to clover, (to which family, indeed, it belongs,) as a specific manure for wheat.

After this mass of vine has been turned under you have a "pea ley," over which sow a bushel and a half of wheat per acre, and six quarts of clover seed. Harrow both in thoroughly, and let the work be finished by the middle of October. The return will, of course, depend somewhat on the quality of the "old field;" but I venture to affirm, that it will amply repay all labor and outlay, and astonish by the great result apparently from so trivial a cause.

I am familiar with the great increase of crops from the use of lime and clover, and I do not mean to compare the two methods of renovating land as equal; but where lime is not to be had, there is no application that can compete, for a moment, on well-drained land, (if it need draining,) with plaster, peas, and deep tillage. No gold mine is so valuable as a good marl pit. I am, however, confining myself to interior districts, where neither lime nor marl can be had.

After the wheat comes off in June following, the clover, if sown early in October, will have grown so as to shade the land pretty well, even on the waste I speak of. It should not be grazed the first year, at all; in the February after, top-dress it with all the manure to be had, not forgetting to apply all the *old ashes* within reach. This time of the year (winter) is best for applying manure in our country, where the hot sun acts so injuriously on a bare surface. The roots of the young clover being protected from the hard frosts and sudden changes, by the manure, it shoots forward with the earliest warmth of spring, and smothers all weeds. When the weeds mature their seeds, they draw upon the fertility of land equal to most crops. Clover gives a crop equal to any other, and is all returned to the land in droppings of the stock while grazing upon it. As proof of its profit, for three years I have never fed my working horses on grain or fodder but once a day, from the middle of May till the clover fails. They are turned on the clover-field after the day's work is over, and taken up in the morning in good condition for service. I have never lost one by this management; in fact, they improve from the time they are thus treated, and work better.

After the clover has been on the land for two summers, during which period it has dropped three crops of leaves and stalks, and thereby greatly improved the land, either turn it under, as before, in September or October, for wheat, or later in the fall for corn the ensuing year. In the former case, you will find your land as thickly set as before, with volunteer clover, which ought to remain as a pasture for the summer, after the second crop of wheat comes off. If corn, instead of wheat, be grown, sow peas broadcast among the corn at the last ploughing, soaking the seed and rolling them in plaster as before. After the corn crop, do not suffer the land to "lie out." No error can be more opposed to good farming, than that which assumes that land is improved by "laying out" and permitting a crop of weeds to mature upon it. If we had duly reflected, this error would long since have been apparent, in the continued quantity, of thousands of acres lying waste around us, *not a whit improved by "lying out."* After the soil has once been brought up by peas, subsoiling or deep ploughing and clover—all within reach of the farmer even in the interior—it will not again relapse unless the former barbarous and senseless practice of exhaustion and negligence be again adopted. If lime can be had, even at a cost of 20 cents a bushel, I would in all cases spread it on the land, after the first crop of peas had been turned under, to the amount of fifteen or twenty bushels per acre. This quantity will greatly benefit the land, and enable the owner shortly to repeat the application of a like quantity.

FLAXSEED.—The St. Louis Republican advises the farmers of Missouri to cultivate flaxseed for market, and states that it is a more profitable product than wheat or corn. Linseed oil manufacturers offer $1.40a1.60 per bushel for flaxseed, and one house is ready to pay $1.60 for one hundred thousand bushels. The manufacture of linseed oil is extending, and the demand for flaxseed increases every year, while but few agriculturists are turning their attention to its cultivation.

IRISH PEAT.

Our readers will remember the announcement made in the British Parliament, by Lord Ashley, some two years ago, that a process had been discovered by which the immense deposits of Irish peat, hitherto almost useless, could be converted into valuable products. It was thought that Ireland had found a means of wealth which would raise her to the highest point of prosperity. He placed upon the table of the House of Lords a candle made from the peat, and lighted it; and he expressed his confidence that a clear profit of 100 per cent. could be made in the business. At a meeting of the Natural History Society, held in this city last week, Mr. Alger introduced this subject, and stated that though for some reason nothing appears to have been done to test the practical applicability of peat, until very recently, Mr. Owen, a private gentleman of wealth, and by whom the patent was taken up, has demonstrated most satisfactorily that Lord Ashley had not overstated the immense value of the discovery. It appears that the peat cost two shillings per ton; the sulphuric acid used for decomposing, is seven pounds per ton. The products obtained (besides carbon) are sulphate of ammonia, which sells for £12 per ton; naptha, which sells for 5 shillings per gallon; paraffine, a fatty, inodorous substance, of which the candle was made, worth 1 shilling per pound; volatile and fixed oil, worth 1 shilling per gallon. It is a bi-carburet of hydrogen, and has the same composition as olefiant gas. The source from which Mr. Alger draws his information, states that the results have not been fully made known in London, but if this should be confirmed, they will create a great sensation, since nearly one-seventh of the whole of Ireland consists of bog.—*New England Farmer.*

The Olio.

ONE OF FROISSART'S STORIES.—Froissart, the famous chronicler of the days of Chivalry, tells the following story:

"Prince John of Burgundy, on his return to France, after he had been liberated by a large ransom from the Turkish dungeon into which Bajazet had thrown him, took his way through the Grecian Archipelago. On his voyage, he came to a beautiful island called Cephalonia, and went on shore there. But what was the surprise of himself and companions to find no inhabitants but women. The travellers were hospitably received and entertained, and they were informed that all these women employed themselves weaving the most costly silk stuffs, and that their husbands were constantly at sea, carrying these precious goods in their ships to various countries. Thus the women appeared to be left at home quite unprotected, but they were not so in reality; for the fairies were their very good friends, and it was only necessary to say a word to them, and they would severely punish any one who ventured to insult or harm the women. If the women wished well to any one, they spoke a kind word for him to the fairies. And it was to the friendly intercession of the fair and lovely dames of Cephalonia, that Prince John of Burgundy owed his fortunate voyage home to France."

The world was so wide four hundred and fifty years ago, that there was still room for fairies in it. At present this is not the case; and yet there are many spots upon the earth so devoid of human inhabitants, that we need not grudge good spirits a dwelling in them.

MORALS OF TRADE.—In conversation with a gentleman well known in this city, and of undoubted veracity, he related the following facts:—About thirty years since, he was engaged as the foreman in the bleaching establishment attached to the extensive cotton mills belonging to Mr. Peel, the father of the ex-Premier, Sir Robt. Peel. The process of bleaching has a tendency to render the fibres of the cotton tender, and if continued more than a very short time, renders the goods so flimsy, as to be of little value. It was, our informant states, the express orders of Mr. Peel to him as foreman that the goods *should be made tender*—and for this purpose they were exposed to the chemical process for such a length of time as impaired their durability. Old Mr. Peel wished the muslin and calicoes made for the American market to last long enough to stand one or two washings. After this the sooner the goods went to rags, the sooner new goods would be wanted, and new orders be sent from America to Mr. Peel for fresh fabrics of similar deteriorated quality. It has been often stated that the English calicoes and muslins were more tender and less durable than the American fabrics, but we were not aware before that they were thus intentionally damaged for the purpose of making Brother Jonathan a more frequent customer.

A SWEET VERSE.—The following beautiful lines, and the name of their author, deserve to be rescued from the oblivion into which they have fallen. The authorship is related in Boswell's Life of Johnson, from whence they are taken.—"We came to Nairn to breakfast," says Boswell; "over the room where we sat, a girl was spinning wool with a great wheel, and singing an Erse song. Johnson then repeated these lines. I thought I had heard these lines before. JOHNSON.—'I fancy not, sir; for they are in a detached poem, the name of which I do not remember, written by Gifford, a parson.'" Malone says that "the poem in which they are introduced has hitherto been undiscovered." "A sweeter stanza," remarks Southey, "was never composed." Here they are:—

"Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,
All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things."

Evening Post.

EDUCATE YOUR DAUGHTERS.—When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their principal chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts and virtues of civilized life; and among other things, he informed me at their first start they fell into a great mistake—they only sent their boys to school. They became intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives; and the uniform result was, that the children were all like the mother; and soon the father lost his interest in both wife and children. "And now," says he, "if we could educate only one class of our children, we would choose the girls; for when they become mothers, they would educate their sons." This is to the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully and permanently civilized and enlightened, when the mothers are not, to a good degree, qualified to discharge the duties of the home work of education.

CHINESE FUNERAL.—A Chinese funeral took place yesterday. The Chinaman died at the Chinese Restaurant of Macon & Woosung. The funeral was large, there being over one hundred and fifty Chinamen in the procession, each wearing a piece of white crape. A large number of persons visited the burying-ground to witness the ceremonies, which were as follows:—They lowered the coffin as we do. They then threw the white bandages worn on their arms into the grave; then matches and the wax candles, and a bottle of wine. Before covering the coffin, each person bowed his head to the earth and uttered some few words not by us understood. Then each threw a handfull of dirt on the coffin, and passed round liquor, wine and cigars, &c., of which they invited every American to partake, and the grave was then filled up.—*San Francisco Courier.*

For Housekeepers.

HAM TO BROIL.—Cut the slices very thin, take off their skin, put them on a gridiron, and over a hot fire, turn them in one minute; two minutes will cook them sufficiently; no seasoning is necessary; serve with piccalilli.

HAM TO FRY.—Cut the slices very thin, take off their skin, put them into a hot spider, and turn them frequently, until a little crisped; be careful not to burn the slices; three minutes will fry them well; serve in a hot dish.

TO MAKE SANDWICHES.—Rub one table-spoonful of mustard flour into half a pound of sweet butter; spread this mixture upon thin slices of bread; from a boiled ham, cut very thin slices, and place a slice of ham between two slices of the bread prepared as above; cut the sandwiches in a convenient form, and serve.

Some people chop the trimmings of the boiled ham very fine, and lay them between the slices of prepared bread.

This is a good dish for lunch or evening entertainments.

EXCELLENT SAUSAGE CAKES.—Chop lean pork very finely, having removed all the bone and skin previously, and to every pound of meat add three quarters of a pound of fat bacon, half an ounce of salt, a pinch of pepper, a quarter of a nutmeg, grated, six green onions, chopped finely, and a little chopped parsley; when the whole is well chopped and mixed, put it into a mortar and pound well, finishing with three eggs; then have ready a pig's caul, which cut into pieces large enough to fold a piece of the above preparation, of the size of an egg, which wrap up, keeping the shape of an egg, but rather flattened, and broil very gently over a moderate fire.

FRIED PORK STEAKS.—Fry a few slices of salt pork, cut very thin; when done, take the slices out of the fat, and put in your fresh pork; let them fry a light brown,—some people like onion and sage fried with the pork,—slices of apple fried, are very nice with the pork.—*Mrs. Bliss's Practical Cook Book.*